Carrie Guerphan Hargrave

African Primitive Life

. . . As I Saw It In Sierra Leone British West Africa

By
CARRIE GUERPHAN HARGRAVE

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A GLIMPSE OF AFRICA

From morning's flush to twilight rays,
And through each sleeping hour
On Africa's brow nature lays
Her magic touch of wealth and power.

Sweeping over its white-capped sea,
Kissing hill, mount and vale
Are breezes dancing merrily,
A benediction in its trail.

The treasures in its wealthy soil,
Silver, gem, stone and gold,
Come forth abundantly thru toil
Adorn its people brave and bold.

Their art for blending colors bright,
Can never be surpassed,
Their art-craft everywhere in sight
Thru future years such skill shall last.

A question comes into our mind,
If savages they be,
Whence comes the workmanship a kind,
Now blessing all humanity?

By native right, by grinding toil
Each earns his right to live,
Using the wealth beneath the soil,
And all the surface has to give.

By WILLIE MAE D. HARGRAVE.

DEDICATED
TO
MY PARENTS

In grateful remembrance of
their ever constant faith, love, wise council,
and encouragement.

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FOREWORD

My purpose in writing this book is to give to others the benefit of my experience which revealed to me many splendid qualities of the Primitive African, whose life and customs have withstood this changing world. Most notable are:

The Unity of their Tribal Group and Family Life.

The Preservation of their Creative Ability.

The Unwavering Faith in their Religious Deity.

If we could grapple with bands of steel our African heritage of Racial Unity, Creative Ability, Unwavering Faith in our Deity, these with our Western Civilization, would have made of us a Notable Race—Yes, I may say, a Nation.

May this simple delineation of authentic facts of the life of a lowly people be graciously accepted in the hearts of men.

The Historical Facts of the Territory of Sierra Leone were obtained when I served on a Committee in 1937 that prepared a Pageant celebrating the One-hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Colony of Sierra Leone—1787-1937. This Committee was composed of African Members of the British Embassy, some of whom had ancestors among the early settlers; and also many of the Principals of the schools in the Colony.

Because of the consideration shown me and the beneficial information cheerfully given me, which made this book possible, I wish to express my deep appreciation to:

The members of the Board of Management of the Reuben Johnson Memorial School, of Freetown, Sierra Leone;

Mr. Sylvester M. Broderick, of Freetown, Sierra Leone, M.A., from Columbia University of New York City, former lecturer at The Agricultural and Technical College, Greensboro, N. C., African Director of Education of the Colony of Sierra Leone; and

Paramount Chief Julius M. Gulama, of Moyamba District of the Protectorate.

HOW I CAME TO GO TO AFRICA

As well as I can remember, my first desire for travel, particularly "A Sea Voyage," was created when but a little girl around eight or ten years old. To make everything clear, I will have to start with those childhood days.

I was the youngest of a family of seven children, having three sisters and three brothers. My father was a blacksmith, horseshoeing his special line, and my mother was a dressmaker. They both were devout Christians of the Presbyterian faith, and were staunch leaders in our little church that stands behind many great oaks just diagonally across the street from our home.

Our Sabbaths were spent by attending Sunday School at nine-thirty and Preaching at eleven o'clock. We had dinner around one o'clock, after which father taught us the Shorter Catechism through much drilling and reciting. I learned a great deal of the Catechism from hearing the others recite it. After this, my sisters and brothers would read their Sunday School papers; mother or one of my sisters, would read the stories from my Sunbeam Paper; and often we would sing hymns and school songs while sister Nicie played the organ.

When the weather was pleasant father would take us for a walk. There were three of us who usually went with him, a brother and a sister and I. So famous were these walks that many children of the neighborhood, as well as some who lived quite a distance away, would have their parents ask permission to let them go with us. Father would very often ask which way we wanted to go and I would always pop up and say, "Let's go to the river-front first." I thought perhaps there might be a "cotton tramp" in, the name given to cotton cargo vessels. These ships came to our port from all parts of the world. My father was well known in our community and highly esteemed by all who knew him, so wherever we went we were fortunate in having many special privileges granted. Thus we were permitted to go aboard these foreign cargo ships. It was always with a

great feeling of joy and adventure that I climbed without aid the ship ladders to the very top deck. I had no fear for father would put us in front and tell us to look up and straight ahead, knowing that if we looked down we would see the water between the boat and the wharf, become frightened and probably lose our balance. When we would reach the top, one of the ship's men would take us by the hand and pull us safely on the deck. Among the things that were attractive to us was the shining brass which seemed to be everywhere. It was very highly polished and I think so noticeable to me because one of my chores, as a very little girl, was to help polish the brass andirons every Saturday. Regardless of how I tried, I could never get them to shine like the beautiful brass I saw on the big ships. The little bed-room cabins were small and neat as was the tiny kitchen with its great big cook stove. So much heat in the tiny room, I could not understand how the men stayed in there. The people on the boats were often so odd-looking. One boat from India had tiny men with brown skin, black silky hair and worn red turbans. These men were called Coolies. They were East Indians and it was very interesting to watch them and to hear them talk. Of course, we could not understand them. When the time came to leave, there was always something in my heart that just made me long to stay on the big ships forever.

The urge for sea travel gripped me when my parents took me on Sunday School picnics at Carolina Beach. We would go on the steamer Wilmington down the Cape Fear River, a distance of fifteen miles, about an hour's ride. Once our picnic went thirty miles down the Cape Fear River to Southport and then a few miles out to sea, to the bell-buoy. The excitement and joy of this trip cannot be expressed in words. Mother carried plenty of lemons as did all the mothers, for it was said that to suck lemons would keep our stomachs settled and prevent our getting seasick. The trip down the river was exciting, for the farther we went, the wider grew the river. My greatest desire was to go until we would be out of sight of land. That time we did, and there was much excitement among all on board as we crossed the bar where the river enters the ocean. The boat had a differ-

ent movement, now and then a rising and falling over the swells of the sea. Some folks really were seasick, but it never affected me. My only regret was that we could not go on and on, on the bouncing water. On our return trip, we stopped at Carolina Beach. Here the family picnic lunches were spread in the great pavilion, and surf-bathing was enjoyed by all. I was very venturous in the water and often went farther than was safe for me, so I was closely guarded by my parents and friends. Another joy was to sit on the beach and just look and try to imagine what was on the other side. This made me long to go and see for myself what was there.

Later, during my years of teaching in our City School, geography was the subject of special interest to me in third grade work, and I endeavored to make "Children of Other Lands" most interesting to my pupils. In my last two years of teaching the Platoon System was used. In this, I taught geography from the third through the fifth grades. Here, with a splendid geographical library, both teacher and pupils enjoyed the study of the world through projects. We soon discovered that the world was much smaller than we thought, and the seemingly far-distant places came very near to us, as we studied the economic and social problems and the interdependency of one part of the world on the other.

After many years of teaching, I decided to change my work, as my fond hopes for travel seemed blighted by lack of finance or opportunity for service in foreign lands. My contact with older pupils during my last years of teaching led me to see the need of a different service for our youths, that is, the direction and supervision of the social activities for youths in the Y. W. C. A. and like institutions. Long before the days of "Hi-Y" I talked to my pupils about such activities. One day a fifth grade girl said to me, "Miss H., you have told us about so many fine things that could be done for us, why don't you start something for us?" That was a challenge for me so I told her that I was not prepared to do that work. Right then, I decided that I was going to prepare myself to serve the youth of my community. The next year I applied to the Atlanta School of Social Work for

admittance, and was accepted. At the close of the school term I resigned, and the following September, entered my new field.

My training was Case work, Group work, and Community organization. Every phase of this training was interesting, but I leaned to Case work. At that time, our State program was the corrective rather than the preventive, so upon my return from training school I accepted an appointment in the Child Welfare Department of New Hanover County and served seven years.

I spent a two weeks vacation in King's Mountain, N. C., at Lincoln Academy. Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Ricks, who were then in charge, opened the school facilities that summer for a retreat for those seeking quietude and rest. Everything was all that one desired—comfort, rest, and pleasant association. The week following my arrival other guest came, among them were Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Coles with their little girl and two little boys. They were American Missionaries of the Congregational Church who were rendering service in Angola, Portuguese, West Africa. Now, this was the first chance I had ever had in all my life to talk with anyone who had been on the other side of the ocean, the land of which I had longed from childhood to know more about.

Mr. and Mrs. Coles had spent many years in their field. He was the Industrial Missionary and his work was most outstanding. It was he who taught the natives to make bricks from the soil. The school plant has several scores of buildings made from these bricks. A request for the services of Mr. S. B. Coles was made to his Church Mission Board, for the construction of the Booker Washington Industrial Institute in Liberia. Request was granted, and Mr. Coles accepted the work.

My longing for foreign lands had not abated, and particularly for Africa, for this, the land of our forefathers, was much talked of in our home. In conversation with Mr. Coles, I asked if there would be any need for Social Service work in this new field. He said he thought they would need another worker to help his wife in training the mothers and girls in every way to prepare them for the school environment, but said, too, that the Phelps-Stokes Fund was not sending any other women just then. Several of their friends had expressed a desire to go with them to this new

field. So anxious was I to go, that I told him I would volunteer for two years service gratis in the new work. Rev. and Mrs. Ricks had spent some time in my home and knew much of my background, training and experience, so they recommended me highly to Mr. Coles as a worker. From then on no time was lost on either side—while Mr. Coles went to New York to talk the matter over with Dr. T. Jesse Jones, Educational Director of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, I hastened home to talk the matter over with my sisters and brothers. In less than a month Mr. and Mrs. Coles and family came down to visit us and to tell me the good news that my volunteer service was accepted by the Phelps-Stokes Fund, and that I would go out the next summer to Liberia.

To say there was joy in my heart does not fully express it. All winter long my sisters and dressmakers were busy preparing my wardrobe with plenty of thin cotton clothing.

In due time, I informed my employees, the County Commissioners, that I was going to Liberia, Africa, to serve in Social Service. Many of my friends were surprised and some felt that I would not be able to survive the climate and unfavorable health conditions.

In May, when everything was almost ready, a letter from Dr. Jones said they were very sorry they could not accept my services as planned as the last letter from the Liberian Field informed them that the housing facilities were inadequate. To say I was sad, is not the word to express it. Two days later another letter from Dr. Jones was received asking me if I would like to consider work in Freetown, Sierra Leone, British West Africa, as principal of a girls' school. Immediately, I telegraphed Dr. Jones: "Yes, I will consider the work in Sierra Leone." Much writing and cabling followed. This work offered my passage one way, a salary with living expenses, and comfortable living conditions also. On August second I embarked on the S. S. Scythia of Cunard White Star Line from New York Harbor.

THE VOYAGE
NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL

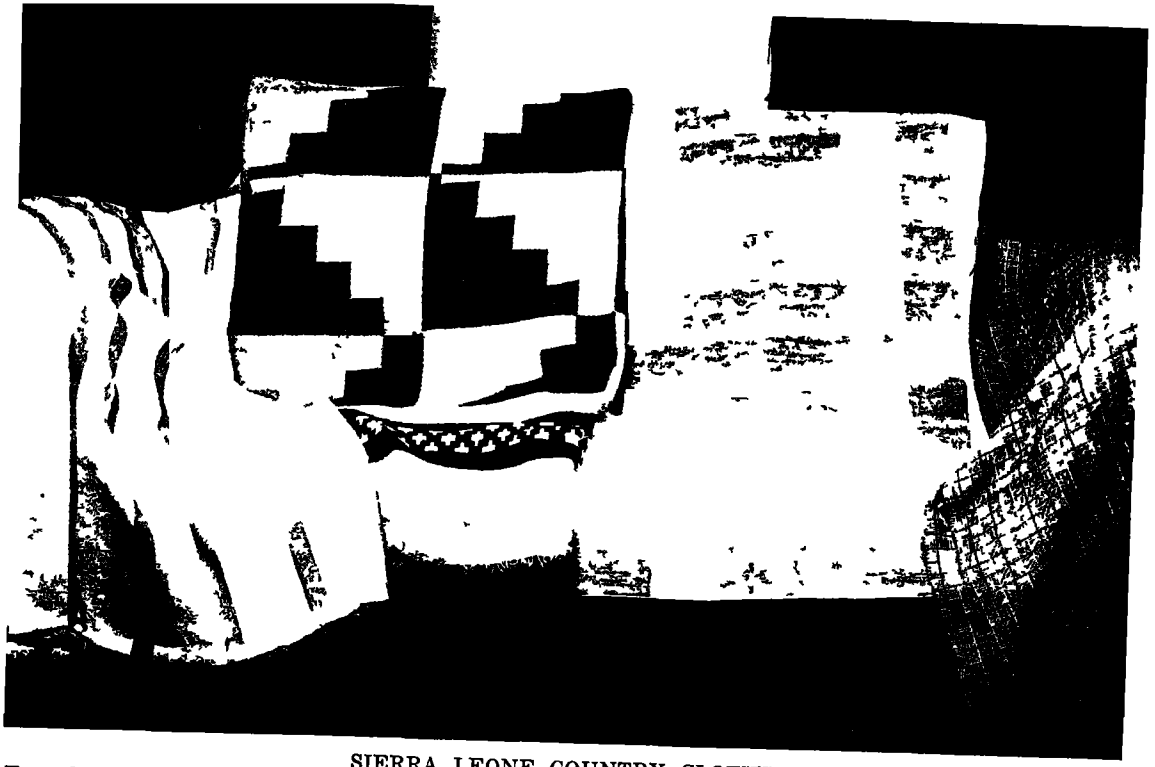
At the pier of the Cunard White Star Line, there were many friends to bid me "Bon Voyage," who were permitted to go on board with me. There was indeed an exciting crowd of passengers and friends, rushing here and there, in cabins and on decks. For many, it was their first visit on an ocean liner, and there was much for them to see.

At least a half hour before leaving, the great gong sounded and an officer over the loud speaker announced, "all visitors ashore, all visitors ashore." How grand it would have been if my sister and friends could come along with me, but this was impossible so off they rushed with the crowd at the last moment. They all got as near the ropes on the pier as was safe for them, to wave a last farewell.

The last ropes untied, the gang planks removed, and before I knew it we were some little distance from the landing. It was then I realized my separation from all in this world that was near and dear to me, my family, friends and homeland. I waved excitingly at first but soon lost energy to continue, and my spirit began to sink into a bit of sadness. In a short time we were far from shore and sight of loved ones. I felt so alone, alone in a crowd of strangers, a few thousand of them, but quickly realized I could not afford to lose heart as there were many things for me to see after for my comfort during the voyage.

The first announcement on ship after we had sailed was for all passengers to call at the Purser's office for their mail as there would be no delivery that evening. I was very happy when a packet was handed to me of more than a dozen letters.

The S. S. Scythia was a very large ship to one who had never boarded a passenger ocean liner, although this was considered one of the smaller and slower ones. After much difficulty I found my way to my cabin in the tourist section, where more than two hundred other passengers were making their way.



SIERRA LEONE COUNTRY CLOTHS

From left to right—A Sherbro Cloth from Sherbro, A Mende Cloth from Moyamba, A Mende Cloth from Pujhem, A Sherbro Cloth from Bonthe.

There were petty officers, stewards and stewardesses in every section to direct and advise which was very helpful to the inexperienced traveler. I soon found the bathroom stewardess, arranged hour for morning baths; also deck steward, and paid fee for chair. I then went back to my cabin which was very attractive; a bright carpet on the floor, nice furniture and every necessary comfort. Behind my door I found a beautiful Bon Voyage basket from a Fifth Avenue shop in New York City as well as many lovely flowers. Inexpressible joy filled my heart in appreciation for the kind remembrances from my friends.

Meditation followed, prayers of thanksgiving for the manifold blessings bestowed upon me; and petitions for the protection of those in my homeland, guidance for the lone traveler, her safekeeping in the foreign land, and for a happy return to loved ones at home in after years. This quietude came to a close by a knock at my door and a voice said: "trunk please." "Many, many thanks sir," I replied. My steamer trunk had been placed in the hold with my other luggage by mistake and I had feared I would have no changes for the week's trip, but was advised to have no such fear as it would be sent up as soon as located. I was glad to have it so soon but just as I began to unpack the dinner gong sounded.

Following the crowd I found the dining room and on entering I was given a card for table number twelve. Here for the first time I met one of my race, a young African student returning home. Joy filled my heart as this was another opportunity to learn more of the land and the people where I was going of whom I knew so little. This student said he spent four years in the United States on one school campus. He seemed gripped with fears of America and Americans. He and I exchanged only a few words at meal times and being a social worker for many years I felt I knew something about all types of people and just how to cause them to have a normal reaction in all situations. However in this case I seemed to have failed as all my efforts were fruitless and quite a feeling of discouragement and fear of future contacts in Africa came over me. By this reaction of only one African to an American I could not help wondering what the

outcome would be when only one American would have to come in constant contact with many Africans. I resigned myself to the fact that time alone would tell.

The first night on going to bed, I tried to stay awake to discern the movement of the boat, wondering if the dreaded experience of seasickness would befall me. At an early hour "sleep came down to soothe my weary eyes" and I remained lost to the world until a knock at the door and a call, "Miss H. your bath is ready." At seven o'clock, hastily throwing on my bathrobe I rushed to bathe for the ten minutes allotted to each person. Everything in the bath was beautiful and white, in ship-shape order; the tub was two-thirds filled with warm sea water and a small foot tub two-thirds filled with fresh warm water rested on a seat in the tub. The fresh water was for the purpose of lathering before plunging into the invigorating salt solution. Large bath towels, fresh bath mat and soap were issued each morning. After the delightful bath I went back to the cabin to dress and then up on deck to view for the first time, the sea. One of the joys of the whole voyage was to see nothing but sky and water, both a beautiful blue. It seemed that everyone was on deck and just now I cannot remember how acquaintances were made, but friendliness was demonstrated by all in every way. It is surprising how quickly and easily one can become adjusted to his environment, as we had only left Port New York Friday afternoon and Port Boston Saturday afternoon about three o'clock.

Sunday morning on deck there was a general whisper among passengers and remarks as "Did you notice our boat slowed down about midnight?", "Yes, what was the trouble?", "That sick lady who embarked with her sister last evening died and was lowered and buried at sea", "Oh! how very sad." Fear attempted to grip me. Suppose such a mishap should be mine. The passing in such a manner was not the greatest grief, but the thought that there would be no one present who cared would be the worst thing. This is nonsense, thought I, why should I arouse fears and worry about something that was not going to happen.

Church services were held in the lounge at eleven o'clock. The room was beautifully decorated with large palms, and an impro-

vised pulpit made a real church atmosphere. The Church of England Service, Lay Reading, was conducted by the captain of the ship. The familiar and touching hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy" was sung. Most impressive were the prayers and songs for travelers at sea, which were often heard at home but now they had a deeper meaning and prompted feelings never felt before. I was seated by a new acquaintance, Mrs. C. from Brooklyn, N. Y., who realized my homesick feeling and insisted on my making a visit to her cabin on the first deck.

After the service I accepted Mrs. C.'s invitation to visit her. She told me much of her own missionary work at home and of her interest in students at Bennett College, Greensboro, N. C. We talked of many things of interest to each other which soon led me to forget my homesick feeling, and I returned to my cabin with a feeling of deep gratitude for such a friend in a time like this.

During the day I met other interesting friends among whom was a Mrs. E. from Barken, Cheshire, England, who was interested in teaching me the counting of English money. She gave me several coins and explained the value of the same. I wanted to give her the exchange in United States coins but she refused these, saying "these coins are for your good luck."

There was a Mrs. H., a young woman, and her aunt, a Mrs. G., about seventy years old, from Liverpool, England, with whom I soon became acquainted. Mrs. G. was deeply interested when she learned I was going to Africa and said that her husband had been on a trading vessel for many years and had had many thrilling experiences with the natives. She was also interested concerning my stay and care while in Liverpool. I assured her all provisions had been made for my care and safety. Each morning during the trip she looked for me to have a chat and for the evening programs she said, "Now it is understood, you are to be my guest for all affairs."

D. A., a little girl, about fourteen years old, met me in the hallway. Both of us were trying to find our way to our staterooms as we were not familiar enough with the ship to know our way around. We soon learned we were very near neighbors being

only a few doors apart. That evening she asked me to come meet her mother and dad. They had a son in the United States fleet. He had visited the west coast of Africa and they had many interesting post card pictures of Africa he had sent them which I enjoyed seeing. Mr. A. had worked for many years in the United States and was now retiring and returning home to England. Before going home they were going to make a tour of Europe and Mrs. A. said she would write me from several places, so correspondence with Mrs. A. continued throughout my stay in Africa.

Some other interesting friends I met on Sunday were Mrs. B. and Mrs. J. from Cleveland, Ohio; and Mr. and Mrs. M. from Columbus, Ohio.

On Monday, at seven o'clock, after bath I went on deck to enjoy the delightful refreshing morning breeze. At eight the breakfast gong sounded to which all readily responded. A promenade on upper deck after breakfast and then the remainder of the morning was spent in crocheting, reading and chatting. With a calm sea and gentle breezes a nice nap in the deck chair was enjoyed. Since the weather was cool hot broth and crackers were served on deck at eleven o'clock. Lunch was served at one o'clock, after which another short promenade on deck. I then went back to my state-room for an afternoon nap. Tea hour, an informal meal with social chats over the tea cups, at four o'clock, was enjoyed with Mrs. G. After tea we again went on deck and remained there until dinner, at seven. Dinner was a regular six or seven course meal. The dining room service in every respect was all that one could desire; the menus always varied, the food was wholesome and well prepared, appetizing and attractively served.

After dinner I again went on deck to watch the sun setting homeward, which made my thoughts return to dear ones there. The after-glow of the sunset was glorious. At eight o'clock I went in the lounge and at the piano I played Schumann's "Traumerei" and "Abide With Me." A lovely voice in the room sang softly.

Mr. and Mrs. K. introduced themselves to me and said they had wanted to talk to me for some time as I looked so much like a

lady they had traveled with three years before. Mrs. K. was quite interested when I told her I was going to Africa. Her first husband had worked in the gold mines at Johnansburg, South Africa, and all of her children were born there. She told me how her baby had been in great danger while she was living there. One morning the baby was comfortably and securely fixed between pillows in a rocking chair while she was busy with her duties. When she stopped her work to take a look at the baby she saw a huge monkey sitting on the arm of the chair rocking the baby back and forth. The monkey would not allow her or the nurse to go near the chair. It was quite an exciting time for them she said but she knew they must exhibit calmness and act quickly. Almost without thinking she ran into the house and brought out some food for the monkey. After a few seconds the food attracted the monkey's attention and he slowly left the arm of the chair and started eating, so they very cautiously slipped past him and took the baby, chair and all into the house.

The remainder of the evening was spent in writing and enjoying the "community sing" of national airs in the lounge. I retired at ten thirty.

Tuesday began with the usual morning routine of bath, breakfast, and then on deck where I conversed with Mrs. A. and daughter. It was so cold that Mrs. A. said she had had to put on a woolen dress and a winter coat. I had on my flannels, woolen sweater and gray spring coat, but I still felt cool from the breeze. A little later I learned from the bulletin we were a degree south of Newfoundland. We had taken a northeastern route from Boston and continued this route until we reached Cobh, Ireland. The evening's entertainment was a Carnival Dance and I was again the guest of my friend Mrs. G.

Wednesday the weather was still cold. I spent a few hours on deck and then went back to the lounge which was very comfortably heated. A morning visitor to my stateroom was Mrs. C., the friend I had met at church services. Afternoon tea was served in the lounge. We were entertained in the evening with movies.

Thursday the weather continued to be cold. I enjoyed listen-

ing to the morning orchestra concert in the lounge. I thoroughly enjoyed the Characteristic Dance during the evening. A man representing a Roman Gladiator won first prize. The best comic was my friend Mrs. E., who represented a passenger during a shipwreck after an emergency call. She came in with her hair rolled on paper, her feet bare and dressed in a nightgown with a jacket and lifebelt on. Her face appeared to be badly cut with blood streaming from the wound, which effect was produced by the use of mercurochrome. She carried her handbag half opened with clothes hanging out. National songs and dances were also a part of the evening's entertainment. I retired at eleven thirty feeling quite refreshed from an enjoyable evening.

Friday it was still cold and events much the same as usual. I sent a few articles of clothing to the laundry, after which I spent much of the morning in the lounge. At four o'clock I had tea with Mrs. G. in the dining room after which we wrote a few letters. As I did not care to take an afternoon nap I went to my cabin to pack my steamer trunk, and then went to the baggage room to have my other trunks tagged for the Steamer M. V. Accra. At seven dinner was served which was very much enjoyed as well as the evening concert.

Saturday there was a general commotion caused by those getting ready to debark at Cobh or Queenstown, Ireland. The Purser's office was opened for changing money and I had a few pounds changed to crowns and shillings as they were needed. The weather for the first time was somewhat hazy and the sea had heavy white caps. We went on deck still feeling fine. At one o'clock the first passenger ship passed but the weather being cloudy I was unable to get a photograph.

Sunday, at about five o'clock in the morning, we made our first stop at Cobh, Ireland. The sight of land gave joy to all. The rolling green banks and capes brought to my memory the poems, "Ye Banks and Brays of Bonny Doone," and "The Bonny Banks of Loch Lomand"; also other Irish airs. The greatest joy was for those debarking. Loved ones and friends were at the landing waiting to greet and welcome them. A couple of hours passed before they could take ship leave. One lady, may I say, though

not a good English expression, "wept bitterly tears of joy," while waving to her loved ones on shore. It was a very touching scene and caused me to anticipate similar emotions for me on my return after years in Africa.

Later that day I received a letter from Miss F., an English lady, stating she would meet me at the Customs Dock in Liverpool. In case of her failure to do so, due to the great crowds making it difficult to find folks and by not being allowed to come into the customs gate, she advised my taking a cab to the Shaftsbury Hotel where arrangements had been made for me; in which case she would join me at the hotel. This gave me much anxiety and I was in great hopes she would not miss me at the dock. I realized just how completely lost I was going to feel my first time alone in a foreign country. I must not let fear overcome me, I thought, as fearlessness, courage and fortitude needed to be reserved for facing situations at the end of my journey, where I must meet people and country both unknown to me.

Most of the day was spent in last friendly chats with my new found friends, exchanging addresses and writing encouraging messages in autograph albums. Our last dinner on board as usual was at seven o'clock. This was quite an august occasion; particularly the menu, souvenirs and entertainment.

We entered the Irish Sea and then went up the river to Liverpool. There was a heavy fog, a misty rain and it was cold. My friends, the A.'s, hurried to my cabin and called me to come go on deck and see Liverpool. The sight was beautiful on Brighton and the other beaches. Brighton Beach looked like Coney Island with its electrical display. On account of the beating rain we could not stay too long on deck but returned to our staterooms filled with great excitement in anticipation of new and strange experiences in a foreign country. I did very little sleeping that night.

THE CUSTOMS AND SIGHTS AT LIVERPOOL

On Monday morning about eight o'clock the first luggage was removed. All English born passengers walked off the ship without ceremony. All immigrants were ordered to wait. It was indeed difficult to realize I was an immigrant.

The chief steward was kind and thoughtful. Knowing that I was alone he advised me to wait and said that he would send one of his men to take me to the customs. I gratefully appreciated this as all my friends had gone their way.

Going through the customs at Liverpool is somewhat of a problem. To add to my discomfort there was a mix-up in my luggage. All luggage is marked with the letter of your last name and placed in alphabetical arrangement. You are then given the order to get your luggage ready for inspection. Going to the division where the H.'s were I found only one of my four trunks. I waited patiently thinking the porters would soon get them together, but was told that I would have to locate the trunks and see to moving them myself. Each of the other three trunks were in different sections, one in L, one in P, and one in W. You can imagine what trouble I had in locating my trunks among thousands. Just then I remembered Miss F. was to have met me at the customs gate. I knew I would not know her but as she would be looking for an Afro-American and being the only one there, I was sure she would recognize me as I came through the gate. As I came out I saw no one who seemed to recognize me so I stopped and waited a second wondering what would be the next best thing to do. I felt a little uncertain about going to get a cab due to the fact that an English laborer's speech is rather difficult to understand, being a kind of a dialect. Although it sounded rather childish I did not hesitate to say to the gateman: "Mister, I am looking for a lady who was to meet me here. Her name is Miss F." He was extremely tall and being unusually short I felt I must speak very loudly for my voice to reach his ears. He looked down on me with a sympathetic smile and said: "Lady, I am sorry, but I do not know her."

In desperation I turned away from him just as a little lady about four feet, ten inches, stepped right out from the crowd, saying: "I am Miss F." My loud voice had even reached her ears some distance away. What a joy this was to me. I gave her little hand a hearty squeeze and I now wonder if I did not hurt her. In a few minutes her cousin, Mr. T., came up with a cab. Now quite satisfied as to my care, I returned to the luggage which was shortly arranged as it was all checked straight through to Africa.

Upon return to my friends at the gate we climbed up into the little antique horse cab and after a short ride we were at the door of Hotel Shaftsbury. Miss F. said she selected this particular hotel for me as it was a temperance hotel and one where all missionaries stopped. Everything was all that one could desire, even to the homelike atmosphere. It was then about ten thirty. After being refreshed I returned to the lobby where tea was served. We then went on a shopping tour for tropical outfits. A helmet, mosquito boots, net, white hose were needed. I was advised to buy cotton or lisle hose as silk hose are not worn in Africa, in fact very little silk of any kind is found there as the termites destroy it.

Most of the stores, even large departmental ones, were called shops. Elevators were called lifts and were very small, accommodating not more than four or five persons. The first article called for was a helmet. I was shown a very heavy manish styled hat. I told the clerk that I would like to see a lady's helmet, one of another style and lighter in weight. He smiled and told me that they were all alike varying very little in style and the weight of all the same. I seriously wondered what would become of me as I surely could not wear this heavy helmet and yet I knew I couldn't go without it. Maybe I should never have tried to go to Africa anyway, I thought. Miss H. A. asked the price which was one pound. I then purchased a net for the bed which was also one pound. The mosquito boots were next on list to be bought. When the clerk looked down at my feet he said "you have an American foot, long and narrow." The general type English shoe is short vamped and broad. After trying on several

pairs which were too large in the heel, I finally found one pair I thought would do. They were white canvas with heavy soles. I had quite a time getting them on as these high boots have no zippers or openings for lacing. I decided not to discuss the way they fitted and the heavy soles, so told the clerk I would take them. He advised me to get inside heel fitters at Woolworth's store. The total amount of my purchases was over three pounds and I gave Miss F. my purse to pay the clerk as I was not well acquainted with English money. I left instructions for the store to make delivery of my purchases to the M. V. Accra, sailing for Africa on August 14th.

Leaving this shop we visited many others, and before lunch completed our shopping for tropical necessities. We had our lunch at a very attractive cafe. For dessert I had in mind to order ice-cream when my companion asked if I would have steam pudding, which I did, and found it to be very delicious. Steam pudding is the Englishman's national dessert, just as ice-cream is considered ours.

After lunch Miss F. took me to her home in a quiet section of the city. There had been few changes in this section since the days of Shakespeare. On my way there I noted the quaint old houses. Miss F. told me they were very quaint inside as well as from the outside view. This I found to be quite true upon entering her house. The manner of cooking especially in winter was of special interest to me. On an elevated section of the fireplace a little iron pot hung on a crane over a tripod under which the fire is made. There was a small vault in the wall where the family treasures were kept, and the picture scenery was of the early days of their country. It was here for the first time I saw a tea-cosy. I enjoyed my visit very much especially hearing about their family life of former days.

After leaving Miss F.'s we visited the Liverpool Cathedral. This has been under construction for over forty years and is yet unfinished, only parts being completed and in use. At four o'clock in the afternoon, tea time everywhere in England, we had our tea at one of the big shops, after which we took a sight-seeing bus through other interesting sections of the city.

At seven thirty we returned to Hotel Shaftsbury in time for dinner, which was much enjoyed after a full day's outing. After dinner, Mr. T., a relative of Miss F., called. Both of them had relatives in America with whom I was acquainted, so the evening was pleasantly spent in answering their many questions about things of interest to them back home. Miss F., on leaving assured me that she would return in the morning in ample time to accompany me to the train for London. I failed to mention that upon my arrival at Liverpool, before debarking I received a letter from Mr. S., who with others had been instrumental in my going to Africa. (Mr. S. was former missionary for twenty years in Sierra Leone and other British Colonies, and it was through him that contact was made to Phelps-Stokes Foundation for a Head Mistress for a work founded and sponsored by a group of African intelligentsia in 1898. The life story of this group and my service as Head Mistress or Principal of their school would justify a separate volume). He extended me an invitation to come to London as the guest of Miss G. who too, was deeply interested in Africa, and made special effort to contact all Americans going there.

Around ten o'clock I went up to my room. It was then that I recalled that while on shipboard I was told to note the long twilight. I looked out of my window and how strange it seemed to see traces of daylight at that hour. I began to think that I must be near the land of the mid-night sun.

Filled with excitement and interest of the day and in anticipation of new experiences on the morrow, it was difficult for me to completely relax. But as nature knows how to care for our needs, sleep soon came down and took me to the realms of forgetfulness.

On Tuesday, I awoke early, dressed and went down to breakfast. Miss F. was there as she promised to be. After breakfast I went to the office to check out. A very kind-faced lady at the desk expressed her good wishes for my safe trip. As the Lime-street station was very near, we did not need a cab. The porter accompanied us to the station.

Miss F. purchased the ticket and entered the train as it was a

few minutes before leaving time. The parting was sad for me, as I knew not what awaited me. On the London train I noted no long coaches as we have, but compartments accommodating six persons. You enter the compartment from a narrow passage through double glass doors from which you can view the outer scenery.

In this compartment was a charming lady and her three nephews, ages seven, nine and twelve years, who were going off for a holiday. We had many interests in common, being an aunt of many nephews and nieces myself. After a short time she changed trains, and I completed the journey alone. After a trip of three and a half hours I arrived in London, a distance of two-hundred miles. At such speed it was difficult for me to describe in detail or in general the many sights I passed.

LONDON

Around one o'clock, my train pulled into the subway station in London. My first thought was to go to the Station and wait for my host who was to meet me, so I advised the porter to carry my luggage there. Instead I was met on the stage, or platform at the train, after some minutes that seemed like hours. Amid the crowd of hundreds of folks rushing in many directions, I had no way of knowing my host, Mr. S., but he was sure to know my face if he could ever see me in the mob. What a situation I found myself in, the porter hurrying to put my luggage down somewhere, so he could accommodate others; I had to keep him in sight, and at the same time look through the crowd trying to show my face to the one looking for me, for amid this great crowd, this was very difficult. Finally I saw a small type man, head upward turned, rushing in another direction. Something said to me, that is Mr. S. Immediately I sent him a mental message, with all my powers, and he suddenly turned and rushed in my direction. Being certain it must be he, I too advanced toward him. Upon meeting he took both my hands and said, "Yes, Miss H." I have no words to say how joyous I felt. We finally found the porter, who by this time was far ahead, lost from sight. We went

on through the subway and up the stairs to the streets of London. The sights were not strange, for in some respects it was like New York City. After a short ride we drove up to a brownstone front residence, which was the home of my hostess, Miss G. A clear view of Westminster Abbey could be seen from here. Her most cordial welcome gave me great relief from much nervous strain, so much so that before I knew it my tears were freely flowing. She gently embraced me, and after a few quiet moments alone, I refreshed myself, and was then ready for lunch.

Miss G. was a writer on Africa and Africans, so both she and Mr. S. wished to give me an insight of Sierra Leone, its people, customs and English policies.

At lunch I was fully informed of Africa's opportunities for service, its dangers and pitfalls, especially for an individual going without protection through Mission Organizations. So much was said I began to think I had better take the next boat for home instead of for Africa. Here my indomitable will arose; I told them I had no fear as to my protection, for if I willed to do right, God was able to care for me under every situation. Miss G. then said, "If you have that in you I have no fear for you, I am sure success is yours." We then chatted at length about our country; Mr. S. had visited America, and Miss G. knew much through friends who had also visited America.

Resting a while after lunch, I then went out with Miss G. for some sight-seeing of London. A few minutes walk from Miss G.'s residence brought us to Westminster Abbey. This structure is a Cathedral composed of many magnificent churches, nothing other than visualization can reveal its grandeur.

I recall the Poet's Corner with the canopied tomb of Chaucer of 1400 and the memorials to Shakespeare, Burns, Longfellow, Tennyson and others. We visited many other Chapels of the early Kings as well as the Chapel of the Coronation of King George V. and also went to the Unknown Warriors' Tomb. At this site is the Congressional Medal of the United States, also at this Tomb the Hampton Institute Choir sang our Afro-American Spirituals in honor of their fellow countrymen.

From there we left for a sight-seeing tour, on a bus similar to

the ones used in New York City. We then visited the London Art Gallery, spending most of the time in Turner's Chamber, as Miss G. said he was her favorite artist. I confess I know little or nothing about fine art, but the paintings were so true to nature that the longer I looked at them the more I became fascinated. I recall "The Frosty Morning," "The Sunrise Through the Vapour"; and others. Many of Turner's paintings on small cards were given to me and now when I wish to again enjoy my visit, I review the cards.

From the Art Gallery we took a horse cab, which gave us more time to see the sights, our first stop being "Charing Cross." I was reminded by my friend of the historical fact that here Henry VIII beheaded his wives. Our next stop was "St. Martins in the Fields"; this the oldest church in London was built when London was a hamlet. It has not been changed in style or structure, just a Country Church in a little grove in the heart of the city.

We took another horse cab to the historical Thames, from which we viewed the House of Parliament, Castles, and many other outstanding structures. Many great smoke stacks were in view; these, I was told, consumed in some way all the smoke from the factories in London, and it is no more the smoky city.

We then took a taxi to the Royal Drive Way. At Buckingham Palace we stopped, I got out and ascended the steps of the magnificent monument to get a full view of it. I wished that I might see the King and Queen in their Palace garden, but I was not fortunate enough for this. Continuing our ride, we rode through the Royal Arch on the King's Highway leading from the Palace to Westminster Abbey, after which homeward we turned.

Fatigued from a day of sightseeing and with some anxious thoughts of the remainder of my journey, I was glad for rest and relaxation. After a peaceful night's rest I awoke early. As I had broken the zipper on my traveling bag, it was necessary to find a book shop or a store from which to purchase a leather strap to hold it together. I was fortunate enough to find a Woolworth store here and felt quite at home and knew just where to look

for what I wanted. I found the much needed strap, purchased it and then hastened back to make ready for my departure.

The cab arrived at the door at the appointed hour; and accompanied by my hostess, after an hour's ride, we arrived at the railroad station. My next concern was to find my coach as my passage had been booked the day before, having been attended to by Mr. S. While waiting, Miss G. introduced me to a gentleman who was a member of the Missionary Society that sent David Livingstone to Africa. I would have enjoyed a conversation with this gentleman connected with the noted Society and its great Missionary David Livingstone, but time would not permit as I had only a few minutes before train time and I could not miss my boat connection. I was placed temporarily in a little coach too small for comfort, and my knees were pressed against the seat in front of me. While seated there talking to Miss G. who was anxiously awaiting the information about my coach, the last signal was given for the train to leave. The man with the information came at the last moment and in haste I bade my hostess farewell. I was rushed to my coach which seemed to me to be about two blocks away. I quickly recognized my name on a placard pasted on the window of the coach. On entering the coach which had spacious heavy cushioned seats with each occupant's name tacked to the back, I found three ladies and two gentlemen going to Africa which made me feel quite comfortable and assured me that I would reach my boat safely. They were very congenial companions and we talked much of Africa.

THE VOYAGE
LIVERPOOL TO AFRICA

About noon-time, we reached our pier, and following the crowd were soon near the boat. My first sight of our boat, The M. V. Accra, gave me a feeling of surprise, disappointment, and almost fear, for the size of this boat seemed only one-third the size of the Scythia which brought us to Liverpool. I wondered if this boat would be safe enough for a ten days' trip down the coast but didn't have long to ponder over this. Upon reaching the gang-plank and attempting to proceed, an officer from the boat stopped me. He said, "Is this Miss H.?" I answered "Yes, I am Miss H." He then said, "I am advised to tell you that you are not booked for this boat." I was surprised, and speechless, and felt like every nerve in my body was giving away. "Oh!", I said to myself, "This won't do. There is no one here to intercede for me. I must be strong! I must be strong!" The Officer left me and returned to the boat. Minutes seemed as hours; every moment I feared the gang plank would be removed and leave me there alone on the dock. Finally the officer returned and led me on the boat to a room where other officers were sitting around a large table surrounded with books and papers. One of the officers said, "You have not purchased your ticket for this boat." I replied, "Please, sir, I have my ticket. It was purchased in New York City." Then I handed him my papers. "Madam," he said, "This is a prepaid application for a ticket which you should have presented to our office in Liverpool or London." I immediately began to wonder what I should do next. Then I said, very boldly, for it never pays to demonstrate fear, "What are you going to do with me then." One very large man looked up from his books and said, "Well, I guess we will have to let you go on this boat." I thanked him heartily and then went out on deck. There was no time for a sigh of relief or reflection of what might have happened, for at that moment, Mrs. G., with her six sons and several grandchildren, rushed up to me saying, "Here I am Miss H. as I

promised. These are my sons," and she introduced each one. She named each grandchild, in excitement, as our moments were few. I did so much appreciate the kindness of this dear little lady, so filled with love, sympathy, and interest in me, a fellow traveler, although a foreigner in her country. The last call was given for visitors to go ashore so Mrs. G. and sons left the boat with the others. I went to the side of the boat to wave a last farewell, after which I went to my cabin and there found my luggage and the things purchased while in Liverpool.

The gong for dinner sounded and I responded to its call. As I entered the dining room, I noted the tables were not checked as on the former boat, so I took a seat at the first table as I entered. There were around forty in our dining-room, many of them married couples, some English missionaries, men of mining interest and their families, and a few tourists going to the Maderia Islands for their holidays. The dinner was delicious and I ate heartily, even though filled with the excitement of the day from the varied experiences, as nothing ever seemed to take my appetite. After dinner I returned to my cabin, and unpacked to be "At home" for the next ten days.

I found interesting traveling companions in two young ladies from Liverpool, whose cabin was just across from mine. The Misses W. and K. were going to the Maderia Islands, a five day trip from England. This was their first voyage and their enthusiasm was at a high pitch in anticipation of new and interesting experiences. They were interested to know of my trip across, and of my mission to Africa. They also asked me to correspond with them as they were eager to learn something about Africa. We did correspond quite regularly for a year.

Other fellow passengers were two English missionaries and their wives; also an English Bishop and his wife. They were all rendering service in Nigeria. The first two couples mentioned had cabins very near mine and they were very friendly and seemed to feel responsible for my comfort, and brought to my attention things of interest on the trip, which they had seen many times.

After the Bishop's sermon at the Sunday morning service, I

went up to him, as was my custom at home, and told him how much I enjoyed his sermon and just how it fitted my case. He kindly thanked me for my free expression. Then his wife came and spoke to me and told me she would call to see me the next morning, which she did. When she found that I was going to Sierra Leone, she was very pleased, as she had lived there many years when her husband was Bishop in that Colony. The following day, she brought her husband to see me and he told many interesting things of the place where I was going, particularly the different types of people there.

Some other passengers with whom I conversed spoke of the adversities and hardships to be encountered because of the climate and its peculiar people. This did not worry me for "On to Africa, I was going" and I trusted that with sufficient faith and an open mind, that I might be able to adjust myself to my new environment.

The trip was pleasant; the sea very calm with few exceptions, being a little choppy in the Bay of Biscay and Devil Hole at Seven Seas. After five days, we reached the Madeira Islands and the scenery was very beautiful. This thickly-built Spanish city with its square flat top houses of white stone was built on the side of a great mountain.

We anchored here at just a short distance from the main land. There were scores of little canoes with native men and boys calling to the passengers for money. To demonstrate their skillful diving when the coins were tossed to them they would not catch them in their hands but allowed them to fall into the water, watch them sink some distance away and then quickly dive down and bring them up in their mouths.

Less than an hour after we had anchored, the promenade deck of our boat was filled with vendors with their native wares, among which I noted many beautiful pieces of their art work in linen and silk. The madeira linens, silk embroidered Spanish shawls, wicker furniture and other attractive merchandise were on display. Everything was so new and fascinating that I hoped our stay would be a long one. So it was, for at least twelve hours were spent here.

Two days later we reached the Canary Islands on which we found beautiful scenery very similar to that on the Madeira Islands. The mountain side country, the divers, and the display of native goods also were the same as on our first stop. A new attraction on this stop was the beautiful canary birds of which there are many varieties. Their chirping voices filled the air with their sweet music. Our stay here was also about twelve hours but before the time was half spent passengers seemed weary of the vendors and were all longing to move onward down the coast.

There were many passengers who had made this trip out from England to Africa, every two years, for more than twenty years. After three days down the coast these folks were saying: "We are nearing the tropics."

The next stop Bathurst, Gambia would be the first stop in Africa. The day before reaching there all boat officers, attendants and particularly the men dressed in their white outfits. The custom when reaching the tropics is to change into white clothing. Fears of the climate began to grip me. The air was warmer, and we knew that soon it would be uncomfortably hot. It had already become necessary to wear our helmets when on the sunny side of the deck.

The coastal view of Bathurst, Gambia, was not that of a city. The apparent mountainous land proved to be great hills of peanut hulls. This British Colony produces peanuts which are exported to many sections of West Africa.

On entering the port, Bathurst, again we anchored some distance from the shore. There were the natives in their small crafts, this time not Spanish, but Africans, my racial brothers. Glad, indeed, was I to see them. They looked just like the folks at home. Our stay was only a few hours, so there were no natives coming on board. This I regretted, for how I longed to get near these folks and say something to them, although we, perhaps, could not have understood each other's language.

A day and night more of travel, I was told, would bring us in sight of Freetown, Sierra Leone, my destination. The last night on board was the longest I ever experienced. All through the

night I was up looking out of my port-hole to see if we were nearing Sierra Leone.

Day dawned at last, and the distant scenery was surprisingly beautiful. There was a light mist at sunrise and the first distinct view was that of the lighthouse and the low hills that gradually rose to a mountainous chain. I continued to watch the view until completely satisfied and then turned to the many things necessary to be done before landing. My steamer trunk had been removed from my cabin the night before but my hand bags were left for the last minute packing. After everything was finished, I went back up on deck just as we entered the Bay of Sierra Leone.

LANDING AT FREETOWN

On entering the Sierra Leone Bay there comes into sight a city well built upon the mountain side. Such mighty mountains, they seem to rise as if it were from the sea. The sudden rise from the landing to the highest peak is almost three thousand feet.

The steamer anchored less than a mile out in the bay and long before the immigration officer's boat reached it, scores of natives young and old bobbing here and there in the water, called to us to throw a coin in the water and watch them dive for it. Natives thronged about, some begging to take us and the luggage to shore, others were selling their handicraft of brightly colored baskets, beautiful hand made clothes and leather goods. Each tribe speaking in his own tongue, running here and there, caused considerable excitement. Some were dressed in knee pants with hanging shirts of varying lengths and others in pants minus shirts.

There were other English speaking, well dressed groups of men some of which were Customs officers. One of this group approached and told me I need give myself no concern about getting off as representatives of the school board would be waiting to take charge of me.

I had to then face the Immigration Board, all African gentlemen, and a battery of questions. "What is to be your business

in this country?" "What is your financial status?" "Do you know our laws concerning foreigners?" "Do you know anything of our taxes?" This procedure made me wonder if I would really be allowed to land.

At eight o'clock, the breakfast bell sounded and when I was about half finished with breakfast two distinguished looking African gentlemen approached my table. Right away I sensed that these were Mr. D. and Mr. B., members of the School Board. I was right and later learned that Mr. D. was also Solicitor in Superior Courts and Mr. B. was Judge of the Daily Recorder's Court. Their friendly manner made me feel satisfied that many good things awaited me.

In landing I had a choice of either walking alone from the upper deck down a steep flight of narrow steps on the outside of the boat to the gasoline launch which waited, or if my head felt giddy of being placed in the mammy chair, a large wooden concern into which you are tied, then swung out by means of a crane and lowered into the launch. I decided to take the steps and although the launch rocked I found no difficulty in stepping in it with the aid of the boat men.

A short ride brought us to the shore. My escort then said, "Your feet are now on African soil." I had a feeling of joy as the realization of childhood dreams overwhelmed me. Vivid was the picture of me as a child sitting by the sea in Wilmington, North Carolina, for many hours wondering what was on the other side. The deep yearning to see and know people of other lands had continued to grow with the passing years. The landing at Freetown, Sierra Leone was the fullfilment of a life's time desire. This was a peculiar joy which came to me combined with a deep feeling of gratitude for the blessings of a safe voyage and the kindness of many new found friends.

Through the thick, heavy rain we hurried to the Customs. This was a spacious one story building having a large waiting room. Here declaration papers were submitted, luggage inspected and approved. The luggage was then given to the lorry driver. Lorries are automobile wagons much like our delivery wagons.

We then left in Mr. D.'s car and ascended a steep hill up to Water Street. The streets were all paved, extremely clean; and the buildings, both public and residential were of stone. Banks, hotels and many government buildings were of massive structure and their architecture very impressive. This was my first picture of Freetown, a city in Africa—the gateway to the Sierra Leone Territory which includes the Colony and the Protectorate.

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON SIERRA LEONE

The Colony and Protectorate of Sierra Leone, a territory of approximately twenty seven thousand square miles lies between six and ten degrees of north latitude; and ten and thirteen degrees of west longitude. It is generally circular in shape, extending from north to south a maximum distance of two hundred miles, and from the east to west about one hundred and eighty miles. On the west and south-west is the Atlantic Ocean; on the north-west, north and north-east is French Guinea; and on the east and south-east is Liberia.

From the Port of Freetown there is a sudden rise from the ocean to the mountains. A few minutes walk from the landing docks leads to the foot of the mountains rising to about three thousand feet; the mountains then slope from the coast to the interior. Here the lowlands are well watered by many rivers, and even here in the interior there are a few exceedingly high peaks, said to rise from five thousand to six thousand feet. The scenery is picturesque, with rapids and water falls, some of which have been harnessed and furnish the water supply in both the Colony and the Protectorate. Their water works systems are similar to those in our American cities. Through these systems the droughts during the dry seasons have much relief. However some years the water is rationed during the drys. The water supply is cut off for many hours during the day and only necessary water allowed to be drawn in the evening. The mountains are heavily forested, hard woods such as African Oak, Mahogany and Counter being found in abundance.

The mining sections in the Protectorate produces iron, copper, brass, gold, platinum and diamonds.

The vegetable products are kola nuts, ginger, cocoa, oil palm, peppers, cassava, coffee, cotton, and pissava palm from which raffia is obtained. The live stock consists of cows, sheep, goats and a few pigs.

CLIMATE

The climate in this section will give many surprises. There are only two seasons, the rainy and the dry.

The "Rains" are from May to the end of October. The season opens and closes with heavy thunder storms and great winds, the tornadoes. In August there is a break in the rain, called the mid dry. July, August and September are the months of heaviest rain fall. On account of great moisture a charcoal fire in the little iron pot adds comfort to the home in early morning and evening. Warm clothing is also necessary. Woolen sweaters and skirts are worn there as commonly as here during spring and fall. Heavy woolen blankets are needed at night. The native women wear lappas of their heavy homespun cloth, and carry umbrellas made of bamboo. The men of the laboring classes work with their bodies free from clothing from shoulder to waist line.

The "Drys" begin in November and close the last of April. In February there is a break in the dry season with light rains known as the mid-rains. In December there comes to this section the north east trade winds, known as the Harmattan. It is an exceedingly dry wind, and is accompanied by a thick haze composed of fine particles of dust. During the Harmattan season the mornings and evenings are very cool. The morning sky looks as if a heavy thunder squall is near, but proves to be clouds of dust instead of rain.

The cool breeze continues from early morning until around ten o'clock, and from then until four in the afternoon it is very hot, after which the wind again rises and the temperature continues to drop until after midnight. It is then almost cold. I proved this by testing water in a basin overnight, the water being very cold the next morning. March is the one month you may expect real hot weather both day and night.

There is a definite effect from the climate of the two seasons on vegetation. During the "Rains" from May through October vegetation is most abundant. There are many delicious fruits and vegetables during this season, as well as beautiful flowers of most every variety, growing to a mammoth size. The earth is

most attractively dressed in nature's brightest colors. During the "Drys", January through April, nature has the same appearance as our winter months. The grasses are brown and dried, the trees, all except the evergreens, have their skeleton forms. Fresh vegetables and fruits are not to be found during this season.

The climate also has its effect on the health of the people of Sierra Leone; the rainy season being more healthful than the dry season. The more even temperature during the rainy season lessens the danger of chills, which are very prevalent in the Drys, and often result in sudden death. In the Harmattan season, with its dryness and much dust we find a great deal of nasal, throat and even "chest complaint." I was surprised to find that they even had tuberculosis. In the drug stores there is much codliver oil, Vicks salve, cough drops and other remedies for colds, which are used by foreigners and the non-primitive groups. To safeguard the temperature of the body during the hottest season woolen clothing is worn, and light woolen blankets used at night. The primitive Native African, like the primitive Indian, knows his Native medicines. For colds there is a tree that produces a sap known as "Dunee", which when gathered and allowed to stand looks like mutton-tallow. In generations passed Mutton-tallow was camphorated and used extensively for colds in our country. They cream the "Dunee" or stir it until it is very fine and smooth and when rubbed on the chest or put in the nostrils it has the same effect as our mentholatum or croup salves.

TRIBAL LIFE OF SIERRA LEONE

Beyond the Colony lies the greater area of the Territory, the Hinterland, known as the Protectorate. Here we find many tribal groups who live under the direct rule of their Paramount Chiefs, in their native manners and customs. The rule of the Paramount Chiefs like that of Kings is handed down from father to son.

From prehistoric times this area has been divided into Chiefdoms, their boundaries being formed by traditional customs. The unit of a Chiefdom is the towns and the land cultivated and claimed by the inhabitants of these towns. Each town has the tradition of having been started by one man and his family, generally this was a large group; a man with his many wives, children and the domestics, or servants, of the household. All the land cultivated by the household along with the surrounding bush land becomes the property of the family. (Bush land is of great importance to every town, for here we find the voluntary growth of food producing trees and medicinal vegetation necessary for maintenance of life and health of the people).

Land is never sold, but is always considered the property of the first family and his descendants who cultivated the soil. The head of the family divides the land among his many wives and other dependents. Each wife has a house for herself, her children and her domestics who also work to help support the family. As the children of the family grow up and establish homes of their own, the father again apportions land to them. If the head of the family dies while the children are under age, the Chief is administrator for the family. The land is cultivated as one holding until children are grown and it is then divided.

The domestics of the household are also granted equal rights because they help cultivate the soil, therefore they become a part of the family unit. The Temne tribe especially is to be commended for their strong household unity. They consider it a great evil to sell their domestics and separate them from the land of which they are a part. Domestics of the household

have not only the security of land holdings, but are also offered opportunities for advancement; and as long as they work satisfactorily for their masters they are allowed to work for themselves and are given pay for their labor. Many who are progressive earn money to become self supporting and independent from their former household.

Strangers coming into the Chiefdom are granted land for cultivation for which they give gifts to the owner in appreciation and recognition of the owner's rights.

The duties of a Chief regarding land are: He holds his own family land as head man of his family. He protects the rights of other families in his Chiefdom. He and the Head Men of the Chiefdom form the Tribal Authority or Court, which group protects the rights of all unoccupied land in their Chiefdom. He is administrator in case of death for all families in his Chiefdom. He is the registrar for transfer of land in his Chiefdom. He is also the registrar of all births in his Chiefdom.

Trees that are planted are considered the property of the individual or family who planted them; even when the owners move from their land, the fruit on their trees are reserved for them. Trees of voluntary growth belong to the town and the fruits from them are free for all of the town to use.

SIERRA LEONE TRIBES

The Protectorate is divided into three Provinces, the Northern, Central and Southern and these are divided into Tribal sections often spoken of as countries; Mende Country, Susu Country and others. Some of the tribes are Mende, Susu, Temne, Limba, Krim, Bullom, Lokko, Foulah, Mandingo, Konno, Galina or Vei. The tribal sections are divided in Chiefdoms, and the sections vary in size and population. In very large sections there are many Paramount Chiefs of the same tribe.

Mende Tribe

The Mende tribe is numerically the strongest in the Protectorate. They occupy the greater portion on the central and southern Provinces. They are sturdy, cheerful and industrious people. They lead in the home-making of their country cloths used for

clothing and household articles. They are very skillful dancers and as swift runners they have no match. Many of these runners served in World War I, as messengers.

Filled with anxiety and anticipation of seeing Native life, primitive customs and manners, the time could not come soon enough for me to visit with the natives.

At about six o'clock in the morning we were at the Water Street Station, and as we had our tickets I thought surely we would pass through the gate to our train without delay. However, to my surprise, it seemed as if there were hundreds of people ahead of us, many of them with great loads of produce and merchandise, the Native vendors peddling their wares. As we waited, the crowd and confusion increased, groups from various tribes speaking different languages gathered together and truly there was a babel of tongues.

Our party consisted of my host and hostess, the Superintendent of an American Mission in the Sierra Leone Territory, and his wife; also another missionary who was joining his family in the Protectorate. At the appointed time the gate opened and one can imagine the rush to the train. Our luggage was cared for by our house boys as there were no train porters. We were soon seated comfortably with our many soft pillows and a large picnic basket on a seat in front of us. Under another seat were two large tin tubs holding ice for cooling our water and other drinks.

As we passed swiftly through the lower edge of the town we viewed the market places, the narrow crowded streets with their continuous rows of low huts. While passing through the villages a glance at the distant scenery revealed mountains with heavy forests of valuable mahogany and other tropical hard woods. Some of these mountains rose to great heights with here and there a gorge and many beautiful waterfalls. As we rode onward in a southeastern direction the mountains decreased in number and height.

About ten o'clock the sun began to send its penetrating rays on the zinc roof of the little train. Our helmets were needed for protection from the sun so we quickly put them on. The lunch basket was opened and we had a spread of good things, a real picnic feast, with cool drinks to refresh ourselves.

On our journey we passed many villages. At Waterloo, the oldest and most historic village in the Colony, we made a lengthy stop due to the exchange of many passengers. At the station there were vendors with cooked dainties of which I particularly recall the groundnut cakes "congoo" or ring cakes. These were very tasty and as the saying goes the last one eaten always calls for another." There was peppermint stick candy, and many other dainties, besides all kinds of fruits in season—mangoes, paw-paws, sour sops, sweet sops, oranges and bananas of many varieties.

Here as at other stations was a crowd of many tribes. Our fellow Missionary, who had spent twenty years or more in this territory, knew many tribal languages. It was most interesting to see the beaming faces of each group as he greeted them in their own tongue. I must say there was a bit of envy for a broader knowledge of my African race and her many tribes. Truly I must be a descendant of one of them.

Our journey continued with fewer stops as we entered the broad expanse of the Hinterland. There were large areas of wild bananas in the low lands. Cactus plants rose in height to ten feet and higher among the hills, and the oil palms to the skyline. Just before sunset Moyamba, our destination, was reached.

At the station I noted standing aloof from the crowd, an African of unusual physique; stately, with clear cut features, eyes which beamed with intelligence, evidently a character of striking personality. My hostess said in reply to my inquiry, "He is the Paramount Chief of Moyamba, and we must pay our respects to him first." As we approached him he most graciously returned our bows and made us welcome to his country. My heart bounded with joy to see this Native African of nobility and culture. My first impulse was to offer a hand shake and tell him that my ancestors were Africans, and of my joy at being in the land of my forefathers; also that I might even be a lost one of his tribe and truly would like to be reclaimed. However, I dared not say these things for I knew very well no foreigner could be accepted as one of his subjects.

Leaving the station in a lorry, we rode for three miles down

a main road. There were oil palms on both sides which resembled our pine thickets. The general scene of the low thatched-roof houses made of clay with one door and small windows, a mother standing nearby with a baby in her arms and other little children playing around her, was not unlike a village scene in some of our rural sections. Less than an hour's ride brought us to our journey's end, the Moyamba Girls' Boarding School of an American Mission Society. The beautiful campus consisted of large stone buildings, one a dormitory for the accommodation of two hundred and fifty pupils, ranging in ages from six years to eighteen years; another the teachers' home spacious and comfortable in every respect. I felt there would be no need of fear for safety here.

The next morning it was our duty and pleasure to make our first visit to the home of the Paramount Chief before visiting through the village.

As we approached the Chief's compound, a flock of houses, we noticed a large outstanding house with a broad verandah. Some distance from this was a group of smaller houses all one floor buildings with roofs of heavy zinc. This type of covering is necessary for the rainy season. I soon learned that the outstanding house was the residence of the Paramount Chief and his head wife, while the smaller ones were the residences of the Chief's other wives and their children. You may smile and wonder at this, but it is the duty of a Paramount Chief to have at least seven wives; and it is the first or head wife who selects all the other wives for her husband. She is recognized as the Head wife of the household and all other wives are subject to her and render to her the respect and honor expected of them. Thus develops the unity of a tribal family.

In the early days monogamy or family life of one man and one wife, existed among many tribes. After years the people increased, tribal territories expanded and overlapped, wars were begun and continued for centuries. With the loss of men, women were deprived of husbands and families decreased. Even from the earliest times it was the custom for every woman to marry and become a mother for the growth, strength and preservation

of tribes and nation. Hence man's responsibilities increased, and it became necessary for him to take unto himself more than one wife and this duty was placed largely on the nobility and wealthy. So today we find it the duty and also law of Chiefs to have many wives, thus the practice of Polygamy. The chief as head of his household assumes all the responsibilities of his family units or many homes. He is duly honored by all wives and there is truly unity, and from all appearances, happiness in their family groups.

During our visit at Chief A.'s compound, the head wife or Lady A., as we called her, was brought out to meet us. Greetings in the form of bows were exchanged as we were not familiar with the Mende expression of greeting. She was a woman of average height and of very dark complexion—a true type of her tribe. She was well dressed in her Native costume of hand woven lappa and buber. Lady A. was very modest and even somewhat shy. After greetings she returned to her house. Other wives were seen peeping out from their little houses while groups of little children prattled happily around their doors.

We were invited to the verandah, a large porch, where there were several chairs and hammocks, all hand-made. There was one chair of distinction on a platform, the back of which was very high with heavily carved designs, kingly in its type. We readily recognized this to be the seat of the Chief. On the walls of this verandah were trophies from the hunt—animal skins, hunters' spears and knives.

Other visitors of Chief A. that day were three other Paramount Chiefs of the Mende tribe. Each was accompanied by two attendants who carried their most honored Chief in his chair. These chairs were somewhat like the Chinese carriage, one attendant in front and the other at the back. They had heavy leather cushioned seats and wheels with rubber tires. These chairs had been recently sent from England to the Chiefs of Mende Country and they had a very interesting discussion about them. It was indeed a singular honor to be in the company of four Paramount Chieftains, even though I could not converse with them. Chief A. was the only one who spoke English.

The visiting Chiefs soon made their departure. It was then that Paramount Chief A. talked to us about his country, his people, and his ambition for their enlightenment in Christianity and education. Although the mission school had been in his village for over forty years, it was very difficult to lead his people to accept its training. Most of the two hundred and fifty girls attending the school were from other parts of Mende Country.

The Chief spoke of his father and his ancestors, their mode of life and Pagan religion. He unwrapped a small package and held in his hand a black wooden figure in sitting position with a hideous carved face. As he looked at it he said, "It makes me feel very sad when I think that my father's dying faith was in this image." There was deep pathos and emotion in his voice. Comforting words were expressed to him in an attempt to relieve the tension. This Pagan image brought to my mind many thoughts of childhood days in Sunday School where so often we sang the hymn of "The Heathen in His Blindness Bows Down to Wood and Stone." At that time I could not understand these words. I thought that the heathens were physically blind and wondered why they should make bows to wood and stone.

I asked permission of the Chief to take a photograph of the image. He willingly consented and invited me to sit in his chair and hold the image while my missionary companion took the picture. Strangely somehow each time when she was ready to take the picture a heavy cloud blotted out the sun. Since the day was otherwise unusually bright it dawned upon me that even nature refused to permit a photograph of a pagan god in the hands of a Christian. We made other pictures of the Chief's compound with success.

There were so many things I wanted to ask of Native life and customs that it was with much effort that I refrained from asking too many questions. The Chief spoke of his interest to develop the towns in his Chiefdom. He wished to have good roads for safety in travel, improve the water supply and take up other health measures.

Their chief industry was raising cotton, spinning thread and weaving it into cloth. It is sad to say that this industry is fast

LEOPARD HIDE HANDMUFF, ASHANTI STOOL, IVORY BEADS
Sierra Leone Leopard Hide Handmuff. Ashanti Elephant Stool, hand carved from African Oak, made in one solid piece.
Old Ivory hand cut Beads.

declining, caused by foreign cloth being sent even to the most remote villages. The decline in the use of Native cloths has caused less employment and less trade, creating want and poverty among the tribes. The Native cloths are beautiful and durable, lasting many years.

After a lengthy visit we prepared ourselves for continuing the trip. We donned our helmets and took our walking sticks which were necessary for balance on the rugged roads. On the roadside we met two children carrying large basins of water on their heads. They were skilled as most Native children are in balancing the basins on their head without the aid of the hands.

Next on the way our attention was attracted to a group of women sitting on a porch. As we came nearer we saw several groups of women working with cotton. One group was taking the seeds out of each pod with their fingers, while another group was carding or combing the seeded cotton with bamboo brushes called carders. Then they rolled the cotton in narrow strips and wrapped it around a small reed or stick about fifteen inches long. The older group of women spun this cotton into thread using two sticks. The stick filled with the cotton was held up in the left hand while the other stick placed in a bowl of sand was twirled between the thumb and fingers. A wheel-like concern attached to the end of the stick in the bowl was made of clay-stone, which weight gave added speed as the stick was twirled in the bowl. The cotton from the stick in the left hand was speedily twisted into thread as it was being wound on the other stick.

These women were very deft with their small fingers and skillfully performed their work. Although they did not know our language we readily made them understand our interest in what they were doing and that we wished to try it. They agreed to this and as we attempted to spin the thread they laughed heartily at us and chatted with each other. We also laughed and talked, making comments about them also. Fortunately neither group could understand what the other said. We purchased spindles filled with thread and gave them a shilling each. After watching them fill other sticks in only a few seconds we were sure we paid them a good price for their work.

Another scene of interest was the men weavers making strips of cloth from the native cream colored thread with designs in dark blue. The designs were perfect in their formation and regularity because of the Natives instinctive knowledge of the spacing and arrangement of the designs. The length of the threads was thirty feet or more and the width of their loom was six inches. The loom was hand-made—three sticks about five feet long in tripod position. The shuttle also handmade would be too complicated to describe. At any rate, the weaver threw the thread around the shuttle with his hands while his feet worked on a pedal to open and shut the shuttle. This little loom was about eighteen inches square. These men were indeed skilled in the art of weaving.

We travelled on over steep, rugged roads, at times almost crawling which was safer than walking. Our last scene on our homeward way was that of a group of women and children in a deep ravine who were busy brooking or washing their clothes. They folded the clothes many times and pounded them on a large rock. This scene was interesting and attractive. I wanted to get a picture of them but with the marshes around the brook it seemed impossible. We went down the step embankment as near to them as we dared to venture and attracted the attention of a large boy who came in response to our beckoning. By many motions we made him understand what we wanted whereupon I mounted his back and was carried down to the middle of the stream and let down on a rock to take the picture. I wanted this picture to show their method of washing but as I neared them they all stood up to pose for the picture. It was impossible to make them understand that I wanted the picture of them at work. After taking a picture I again mounted my carrier's back and was taken safely up to the main land. A dash or coin was given him for his accommodation and with a smiling face he bowed and ran back to the others.

Temne Tribe

This is the largest tribal group in the Colony of Sierra Leone today and occupies the second largest tribal territory of the Protectorate.

In the early days of the Colony, the Temnes were considered great warriors. They were indeed cruel persecutors of the early Christian Missionaries. (In the light of present day reasoning, this was a natural reaction upon new comers to their land—a strange people unknown in language, appearance and customs. The defensive attitude was their only means of resentment and for the preservation of their traditional life). However, after centuries of friendly treaties, adjustments have been made.

The Chiefs are men of venerable and imposing personalities, stately in form, with poise and dignity in carriage. In complexion, medium to dark brown, with prominent facial features and growths of long beard. They dress in flowing robes, eastern style, with wrapped turbans as head attire. With their long staff, an emblem of authority, and by their attire, they are easily recognized as leaders. Paramount Chiefs and Headmen are truly persons to be admired. Their subjects vary in types and abilities according to their casts.

There are class distinctions among tribes of Africans just as there are in all races of people. The Headmen are from families of high rank, and they, with the Chiefs of their territory, form the Tribal Authority or the Court. Naturally this is the highest social group in the Chiefdoms.

Other groups are the Doctors, or Medicine men; the mechanics, who are wroughters of iron, brass, gold and other metals; the craftsmen, who are workers with wood, ivory, leather and other materials, preserving the arts and crafts throughout the centuries by instructions passed down from father to son.

Laborers are of the most humble class, some appearing to be little more than beasts of burdens. Until the advent of the auto lorry, the laborers carried the heaviest loads on their heads, and even today, still carry them to a great extent. There is contentment and cheerfulness among them. They have lived throughout the centuries in their caste and from appearances, it seems they will continue to do so throughout the years to come. There is another class of importance to the housekeeper, that of the houseboys who are skillfully trained as cooks and house cleaners. The men of this class are also excellent laundry men.

The Native Temne women have very little home responsibilities, and seem to do little or no real work, other than cooking for their own families. Some have little stands on the streets where they sell fruits. In observing a nearby Temne family, early in the morning during the rainy season the father could be seen oiling the bodies of his little children. In the dry season it was interesting to watch a seven year old child take her baby sister in the yard each morning and pour a basin of cold water over her head. The baby, about four years old, would stand firmly with arms outstretched without a whimper as the cold water flowed from her head to feet. She enjoyed her morning bath.

They are very sociable. It was interesting to observe the men and women of all classes as they would meet on the road-side. They greeted one another with hearty hand-shakes, apparently never in too great haste for a lengthy conversation. In case of meeting an unfriendly comrade, their palaver seemed endless. Each moment you would expect blows, but only tongue lashings ensued. From a distance I witnessed the palaver of two Temne men of Mohammedan faith. Their garments consisted of several robes, coats, cloaks and shirts. As their palaver increased, each began to pull off his garb, and as I counted consecutively, five garments were hastily taken off by each and thrown aside on the ground. As they neared each other, their voices rose to a high pitch with many gestures of their arms and bodies, yet not a blow was exchanged. With the decline of the heated discussion they reclothed themselves and each went his way muttering in an undertone until many blocks away.

The women's costume, of all primitive tribes, consists of their lappa and buber. The former is a straight piece of cloth that varies from a yard or more in width, and three or four yards in length. This is wrapped around the body from the waist and hangs to the instep or a little above. The buber is the bodice that comes to the waist line, the pattern similar to our butterfly pattern. It slips over the head and the sleeves are merely shoulder extensions. The Temne women purchase their dress material from the shops, which is nothing more than our plain white sheeting. They dye the material a color called "gara" which is their

native blue. They design their dress material by tying bits of candle all about into the cloth, fastening it with short pieces of string, before dying; and where the candle is the material will not take the dye. After the material is dyed the bits of candle are removed leaving attractive white designs in various shapes and sizes dotted about on a blue background. Their headgear or headkerchief is generally of the same material, although sometimes they purchase fancy materials from the shops to blend with the color of their lappas.

Susu, Mandingo and Foulah Tribes

The Susu, Mandingo and Foulah tribes live in the adjoining districts in the north eastern section of the Protectorate. There is a strong resemblance in physical features, a similarity in language, and a complete cooperation in their occupations, the chief of which is cattle raising. Both cows and goats are highly valued for their dairy products. The sheep found among their stock produce hair instead of wool. They look more like the goat but there is a difference in that they are minus horns and have long bushy tails while the goat's tail is short and turned up. The hair from these sheep is made into threads and woven much the same as cotton and wool. The Mandingo tribe are weavers, and from their cotton cloth all the tribes make their clothing and household articles. They also weave blankets from the sheep's hair.

I had friends among many of the Susu women who are generally tall, have well formed bodies, brown skin and very long hair. Their hair when braided and brought through their large hoop ear-rings is carried to the back of their heads. They are fastidious in their dress and mannerism. Their well formed bodies are drapped with their lappa above their breast, the lappa hanging gracefully in folds around the body extending all the way to their instep. Worn over the shoulders is a shawl and their headkerchiefs are tied in large bows. This costume would be an attractive style on the forms in the windows of any of our ladies' dress shops. Sandals, half back, straps, and various other styles, like many of our styles today, are worn by all tribes.

The Mandingo men of distinction are also very well dressed. They wear flowing robes of Eastern style with a head attire of

the wrapped turban. Their footwear is half back sandals. Some of the men wear long white flowing beards. When I first saw these men on the street I felt as if I were living in the Bible land in the time of Moses and Aaron. I was very anxious to get a photograph of these Mandingo men so one morning when I met two of these venerable gentlemen it was with some hesitancy I asked them if I might take their picture. Unfortunately I had met them at the turn of the corner and a direct face view was not possible, therefore I asked them if they would pause a moment for me to make the picture, but one of them spoke very kindly and said, "Madam, I am sorry, but we must make haste on our journey." I was therefore disappointed in not being able to get their picture.

The Foulah tribe is of Semitic origin, their Roman type nose and heavy lips reveal this. They are of a brown complexion and their hair is somewhat of a soft texture and straight. Their robe or garment is a slip-over style which hangs from the shoulders to the knees or longer. The most noticable thing about it is the long inlaid pocket which extends from the chest to the knees. I fear these large pockets lead to the temptation of taking things from the open shops, which can be quickly hid in them, enabling the wrong doer to make a hasty escape. Sometimes he is caught in the act, and then the store-keeper gives the alarm by shouting in a loud voice, "Thief! Thief!" The culprit runs through the narrow streets and in a few moments, scores follow him, all shouting "Thief!" The thief is quickly surrounded by the crowd and then led by an officer to the police station where he is taken in charge. Sometimes, at the first alarm of "Thief", the crowd rushes so quickly that the culprit, himself, is easily lost in the crowd and he, too, joins the others in calling "Thief." When they reach the police station it is, of course, impossible to discern which is the culprit.

Limba Tribe

Limba Country is in the Northern Province of the Sierra Leone Territory. It borders on the north of Temne Country. There is a similarity in the customs and manners of these two tribes but they have an entirely different language. There is a marked

similarity in the language of the Limba and the Mende tribes which indicates that they are related to each other.

I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of observing and learning much about two boys named Morlai and Soree. They were of the Limba tribe, eighteen and twelve years old respectively. Morlai was in the home when I went there and when several months later, another helper was needed, Morlai was asked to find a boy. A few days later he brought in little Soree and said, "This is my little brother." Naturally I thought they were parental brothers for one could not discern the difference, and not until many months later did I learn that they were merely tribal brothers. Morlai felt the deepest responsibility for his little brother's care and the success of his work. They shared all they had with each other and lived happily together in our compound. Morlai was the protector of the compound and the honesty and faithfulness of these boys to their duty cannot be expressed in words. Kindness and justice is all that is needed to win their loyalty. The Limba boys are seldom, if ever, found in the courts.

INCOMING TRIBES

As Freetown is the Seaport City of Sierra Leone there is an immigration of many Native tribes from other colonies on the West Coast who are in residence in this city. Also there are groups of Native tribes from the Protectorate who come to the seaport city for employment.

Tribal rulers are appointed from the leading men of each tribe who are direct overseers of their group. The Natives still maintain their manners and customs. It is interesting to note the unity of the tribal groups under the leadership of their Headmen. Young boys often wander from their country just as our boys leave home without their parents consent. They are generally in search of work, and on entering the city they are directed to the Headman of his tribe. The Headmen send boys to meet all incoming boats. The stranger is first registered with his leader who keeps a record of his parental interests. The custom of our olden days, that a boy is not free and independent of parental consideration until he is twenty-one years of age, is strictly ad-

hered to. At regular intervals, a certain amount of his earnings are sent to his parents, or the boy is sent home on a yearly visit and carries the money himself to his parents.

Kroo Tribe

The Kroo Tribe originated from Liberia which borders on Sierra Leone on the south-east. This tribe occupies a large area on the edge of the city of Freetown. Krootown Road is one of the largest, if not the largest, market areas. Nice fresh fish are found daily and delicious fruits and fresh vegetables are bought down from the mountain villages to these markets. During my stay in Sierra Leone we made weekly visits to the Kroo market places.

The best palm oil is made by the Kroos and the Basas from Liberia. Through their native science they have learned how to extract the unpleasant odor from the palm oil. I have eaten cakes made with some of their palm oil which did not have the taste of the oil at all.

Kroos are short in stature, rather stout with broad features, typical African features as we know them. The women are fond of brilliant colors. They, too, are stout and by wearing striped lappas crosswise, their size is even emphasized. The greatness of their size enhances their beauty, importance, and admiration. They are as fastidious in their toilet make-up as any American woman. Face powder is a light brown clay substance, highly perfumed, and is pasted on their faces in striped designs. Their darker skin shows between the stripes. A midnight-blue teek substance is used as a tint under their lower eyelashes.

Kroo children of eight and ten years of age are well trained as dancers. They are called "Katy, Katy" dancers and are prettily clad in English cloth, usually full shirts of velvet. From the waist up they are bare and their faces are decorated with little white dots which resemble beads, making their faces look like pieces of dotted cloth. On festive occasions, especially Christmas, these children accompanied by their trainers and friends, dance and sing merrily as they pass through the streets. They earn many pence and shillings in the course of a day.

The Kroo mothers now accept Government Public Health measures more readily than any other native tribe. They are eager for strong healthy babies. During my stay in Africa, each year, a Kroo baby received the top prize, given by the British Government Health Department, in the better baby contest among native groups.

The Kroo men, in occupation, are seamen and stevedores. They not only unload the incoming ships at Freetown but are employed to go down the coast for both unloading and reloading return cargoes. I noted them at work on our American boats that brought principally gasoline and kerosene for most of the West African ports and on their return trip they carried cocoa bean and mahogany timber to America. The Kroo men, though small in stature, have physical strength and endurance to meet the demand of their labor, and, too, their mental capacity and keen sense of justice are not lacking. I recall a case of the Kroo seamen and stevedores brought into the courts at Freetown that gave much concern to all the people there. They had been down the coast on a foreign boat where differences arose. The Kroos felt they were unjustly treated and received unsatisfactory wages. They did not have "Mutiny on the Bounty" as might have been expected. We have often heard folks say: "I don't care what they do to me. All I want is satisfaction." So it was with the Kroos. The day they landed they got full satisfaction by giving their fellow workers and others a real first class licking. The court's decision was many months delayed, but the final outcome was in favor of the Kroo men.

Hausa Tribe

The Hausa Tribe is one of the many incoming tribes from Nigeria to Sierra Leone. Their origin is traced from the far East. Sokoto is one of the great central markets wherein several main trade routes in Africa are directed. It is said that in Nigeria the ancient trade route to the East including Egypt and Abyssinia is still in existence and which accounts for the industries coming to the present day Nigerians, and the Egyptians and Abyssinians, in particular. Ethiopia and Egypt were under

the same ruler, hence the similarity of their pottery and leather work, as well as other elements in their civilization.

The Hausas are the connecting link between the Abyssinians and the people in Nigeria and some make bold to say that Nigeria at one time, formed part of Ethiopia, as also the Gold Coast which Historians have proved to be Ophir, where gold was procured as mentioned in the Bible. The great kingdom of Ethiopia in the early days no doubt covered the greater portion of Africa.

The Hausas, whose language belongs to the Hametic group, some of the words being Semetic, had some connection with Abyssinia as also the Foulahs who are said to be of the Semetic Tribe.

They may be described as intelligent, tall, full well-formed head, oval face, high forehead, acquiline nose, well-formed mouth, thick lips, long soft silky hair, slender hands, limbs and feet. The principal men and women of the tribe are of the type just described and are considered handsome and beautiful according to European ideas.

Another type of the Hausas has fine physique, less prominent features, ebony complexion, and krimpy hair. These are of Negro inter-mixture. They are hospitable, polite, cheerful and industrious. These are considered handsome and beautiful according to African ideas.

A third type are the people of Lasta who have small heads, Greecian foreheads, open features, small hands and feet, and are of light complexion. These are reputed to be the best horsemen and warriors of Abyssinia.

The costume of the Hausa today has changed but little from that of the far East. It is still much like that of the Arabs and the Abyssinians, whose National costume of the men is a long piece of cotton cloth folded around the body like a Toga, beneath which is a pair of trousers. The women wear wide sleeved dresses, made short with a girdle tied around their waists, with a long sheet of cotton cloth drapped around the entire body. The women adorn themselves with ornaments of silver, gold and other metals, such as earrings, massive bracelets, bangle necklaces and finger rings.

Both men and women of all types take great care of their hair, whether it be silky or krimpy-curly. The women give many hours of each day to the dressing of their hair.

On the whole, the Hausas are intelligent and present a fine race on the West Coast of Africa. We find that some devote themselves to agriculture and cattle raising, and skilled artisan masonry, smithery, pottery and the manufacture of Native cloths. Other Native industries are the leather work, embroidery, weaving of straw mats and baskets.

EYEE AND TETEE TEMNE FARM CARETAKERS

Eyee and his wife, Tetee, were the caretakers of Mrs. J.'s farm just four miles from the City of Freetown. They had been on this farm for many years, were faithful in their service, and had lived happily together. Eyee and Tetee had no children. Eyee's duties were to tend the fields of cassava, gather the nuts from the oil palms, from which they obtained palm oil used as food daily with the cassava or rice and green herbs, together with a few other minor duties. He also secured wine from the Palm trees. In the evening with many bottles around his waist he would climb to the topmost height of the palm trees, make openings in them under which he would tie the bottles. From these openings the sap, called palm wine, would flow into the bottles and be completely filled by morning. Before sunrise Eyee would climb the trees to collect the bottles. Tetee's duties were simple and few. She cleaned the cabin, cooked the meals consisting principally of rice with raw palm oil and cassava with palaver sauce, and washed the clothes. Though her duties were few, she began to complain and said to her husband, "Me tired. Work hard, go get dowry money. I go find nother wife for you."

Mrs. J., a Christian African lady of nobility, had tried to show her how another wife would bring trouble to her home, but Tetee would not heed her advice. Mrs. J. was tormented by her for the dowry money which she finally gave to Tetee. It amounted to two pounds or ten dollars in our currency. Tetee took this money and went to a village in her own country to find a new wife for Eyee. After a fortnight's stay in her home village, she returned

with a fine youthful maiden with a happy smiling face. When Tetee presented this attractive maiden to Eyee for his wife, he smiled, but there was a sad feeling in his heart as he loved Tetee very much; and believing Tetee loved him he could readily see that the new wife was going to bring trouble to the home.

Relieved now of all home duties, Tetee sat idly by the whole day long and with pride and authority, gave orders to the new wife. The young wife was swift in her movements and cheerfully sang as she performed the household duties. There was indeed a changed atmosphere in the cabin.

Naturally trouble began as the husband became attracted to his new wife; the near neighbors admired her; and by her pleasant ways she seemed to be taking Tetee's place very well. Palavers then began between Eyee and Tetee and there seemed to be a never ending babble between the two wives.

Fate, however, stepped in and took a hand, for Tetee's mother died very suddenly. She had been bitten by a snake while in the field gathering herbs. Eyee took the bereaved Tetee back to her village where she remained several months with her relatives. Upon her return to her household there was a more satisfactory adjustment made in the family group, the two wives became congenial and happiness was restored as is the usual custom.

BOOFEE, MY LITTLE TEMNE FRIEND

Bofee, a little Temne girl, lived with her parents in their humble home just back of our school compound. She had a pretty round face, bright intelligent eyes, and a happy smile. Even though she was six years old she had worn no clothing, her body being adorned only by a string of beads around her waist. Every morning she could be seen from my window helping her mother carry fruit which they sold on a box near a big rock under the shelter of a great mango tree. Acquaintance was formed with Boofee and her mother by purchasing fruit from them. I especially enjoyed the mangoes. This little girl knew money values and could sell to anyone. Although she knew not the different languages she could understand a request or an expression of gratitude. Daily greetings were exchanged with Boofee and her

mother. A smile, a wave of the hand, or if near, the little one would run to me for a hand shake. One day with many hand gestures, I asked Boofee's mother to let her little girl come to visit me, and she consented.

I was informed by one of the household, a few days later, that Boofee had come to call on me. When I went to the door there was my little friend, Boofee, but not as I knew her, as she was dressed in her mother's lappa, which of course, had been folded many times. It was artistically drapped from her shoulders and hung to the floor. Her head was wrapped with a pretty plaid headkerchief which matched her lappa. I greeted her with our usual handshake, then a big hug and a kiss on her cheek. It amused me to see her dressed in this manner, reminding me of the way little children at home love to dress in their mothers clothes while playing. Her face was shining and bright from the vigorous rub given it in the bath during the preparation for her first dress up and visit. Naturally she was timid and shy, yet smiling all the time. One of the house boys interpreted for us, and thus we chatted. I then gave her cakes and candies, which she ate only a part of, saving some to carry home to her mother. I played music for her, hoping that she would dance merrily as she did under the big mango tree, but to my disappointment she did not. After a short stay she was ready to run back to her mother.

Our friendship grew rapidly and at the opening of a Mission Sunday School in a Temne settlement Boofee was my first pupil. A request had been made to her father to let her attend and he had consented. The oldest house boy was the interpreter between the father and me. The next day her father sent a piece of cloth to me and asked that a dress be made for her. One of our teachers did this with pleasure and also purchased a plaid headkerchief to match the green figured dress. The Sunday School was to start at eight-thirty and would last until ten o'clock. At a very early hour Boofee was ready and waiting, which she continued faithfully as long as I was there.

When the Reuben Johnson Memorial School re-opened in August after the holidays of the rainy season, Boofee entered on her own initiative. Her mother had been asked to let her little

daughter come to our school, but always her reply was "Oh, no, no, me picken nor know me again, I nor can." She meant if her child came to our school she would learn our language and not want to speak her own Native tongue. Boofee slowly but surely did learn our language. Frequently we talked to the father and mother of how their little daughter was being taught in school. The father readily understood and informed the mother. After many months, the mother came to see me and was able to talk much of her little girl's school life. It was not an easy adjustment for this little Temne girl in a classroom with twenty English speaking Sierra Leones. Another little six year old girl named Doreen was very kind to Boofee and taught her more English than the teachers ever could. Doreen daily shared her lunch with Boofee and as she named the different things in the lunch such as "bread", "meat" and the like for her Boofee would repeat them and soon learned the names of many foods along with other words. Through her daily contact in school and contact with many children of her own tribe in the weekly Sunday School she developed rapidly. The problem of language was mine in the Sunday School as I had to sing the songs in the Temne language.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS AND MARRIAGE

The religions of Sierra Leone are Pagan, Mohammedan and Christian. Many tribes which were pagans have readily accepted the Mohammedan religion, now the largest group. The Christian religion is the smallest group. Perhaps Mohammedan religion is more easily accepted than the Christian because many of the customs are not unlike the pagan customs; for example the Moslem harem, and the ceremonial observances for practically all occasions. However the belief in God, the Creator, all powerful, invisible and life after death is accepted by all religious groups.

PAGAN RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

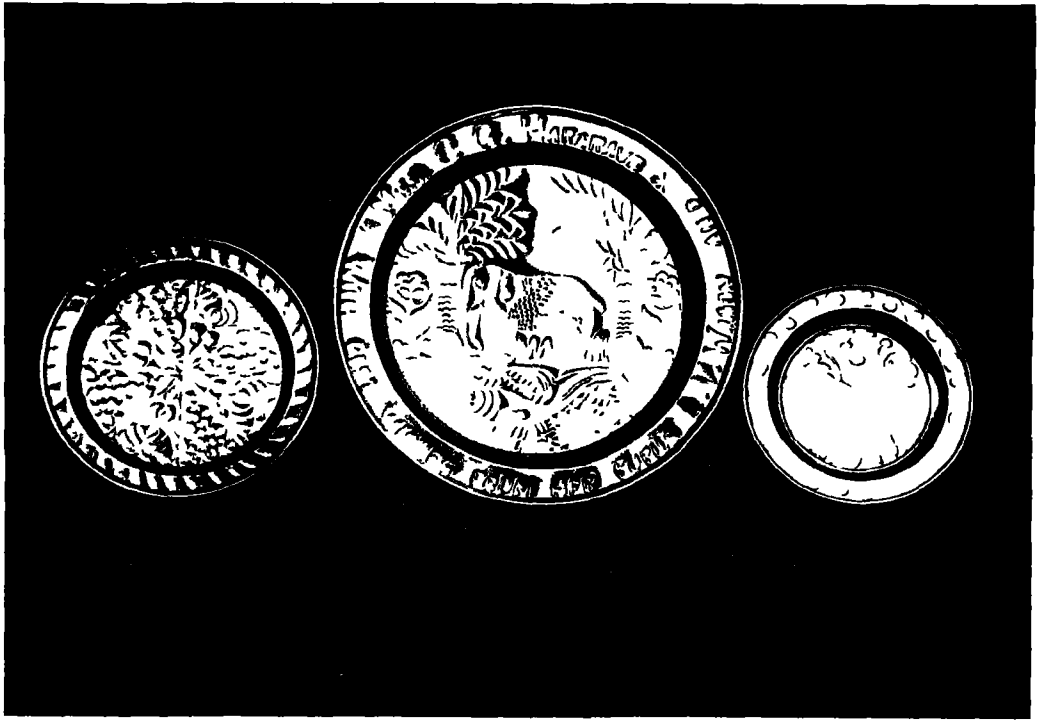
The Pagans think of the Great God and Creator above as one too busy to attend to the needs of mankind, so they conceive a lesser god. They accept good and bad spirits whom some call Krifi. Among the lesser gods we find a "stone" for the Temne Tribe, an image for the Mende, and a tree, snake or mountain for other tribes.

Krifi live in the bush on the edge of the town. The good spirits are the spirits of the aged dead people whereas the bad spirits are the spirits of the devil. The Temnes hold unwavering faith in their "Stone". It gives them a feeling of security from all evil. In case all members of the household should leave the house this stone is placed in the center of a room and is surrounded by their valuables, consisting chiefly of their clay cooking pots and their food, usually rice and cassava. If for any reason the food is not properly covered or the door properly fastened and a stray dog should venture in and eat the food, upon the family's return there is great fear and consternation. No explanation in the world can appease them. They are convinced an evil spirit has come to do them harm. Any adverse situation that may arise in their home or community following an incident of this kind is attributed to the evil spirit's interference with the food.

During one of my visits to a bush village an actual occurance

showed me very clearly the stern belief the Temnes had in their god, the little stone. A pagan Temne family was the keeper of the farm of a Christian African family. Their valuables were disturbed by a dog while they were away. On their return such a palaver was heard among the family that Mrs. M., the lady of the house, went down stairs to see what the trouble was. She tried to explain to them that only the dog had entered the room and upset things and prevailed upon them to dismiss it from their minds as there was no cause for alarm. Her efforts to console them and restore peace were fruitless. For years this family had been under the influence of their Christian faith, had been brought into the family worship and taught of our Heavenly Father's care and protection. However, on this day her patience ceased to be a virtue and while the Temne family kept up their palaver Mrs. M. quickly picked up their stone and ran to throw it in the sea. The pagan man, head of the family, pursued and overtook her, and falling prostrate on the ground begged for his god. So intense and pathetic were his pleadings, Mrs. M. could not resist his cries, so she gave him the stone. She then realized the religious beliefs, traditions of thousands of years, adhered to by these pagans, would indeed be difficult to change. Just such faith is also demonstrated by all tribes in their gods. Truly their unwavering faith in their gods is to be admired; and would that we as Christian people had as great faith in our true God.

In life after death the belief of the pagan is that the soul of a good man goes to the Great God above, the creator; while the soul of the bad man goes to a certain place "Yehenama" (Temne language), to remain there for an indefinite time, after which he is forgiven and then goes to heaven. But if he is an unusually bad man he remains in Yehenama forever. A night scene which I viewed from across a narrow bay revealed a camp fire and I could hear the slow muffled beat of the tom tom and the deep wailing mournful tones which readily told a tribesman had passed into the life beyond. Through the firelight could be seen the ceremonial rites. The white robed men were bearing the wrapped body as they marched slowly around the fire. The ceremony con-



NIGERIAN BRASS TRAYS
Hand carved brass trays from Calabar, Nigeria Center tray, gift from pupils of Reuben Johnson Memorial School, Freetown, Sierra Leone.

tinued late into the night. The sadness was not theirs alone as their sorrow and deep emotions were wafted with their tones by the breeze over the moon-lit waters. I too mourned with them feeling heavy at heart for the poor departed soul.

There is a belief in apparitions among many groups. That is, after death people return to life and make their appearance in a place far distant from where they died. This they believe is especially true of those who die away from their homeland.

One day an old gentleman entered our school compound and asked to see the principal. The children were out at recess; and I suddenly heard them screaming and I could not imagine what had happened. As I looked from my window to inquire, not a child could be seen, all of them had rushed into the classrooms. In the meantime the old man had ascended the stairs to my apartment. He was selling pins, needles, buttons, and other notions. As he seemed worn and tired from walking I invited him to enter and rest. After a few moments of rest he began to talk of his country. He had been away from Sierra Leone more than thirty years and all his old comrades had passed away. As he recalled many of whom he sorely missed, strange to say, there was one among them who was well known to me. Rev. O., an African gentleman, who had been in America over thirty years, the principal of a school in which I had had my first experience as a teacher. This mutual interest prolonged his visit, but when he left, one of my pupils came up to my office much excited and said: "Miss H., do you know that was a dead man who came up to see you? My parents said he died many years ago in Nigeria." From this time on whenever the children saw this man they would run with fear.

The Devil is very real to the African. Many native secret societies and various groups have a devil, which is considered a great and powerful one, working evil magic through his Juju or voodoo, as some call it. All devils are not magic workers. On all festival occasions the chief dancer is the devil who wears a hideous mask. Each "society" has its own type of mask, but all devils wear heavy skirts of grass which flow on the ground. In moving and dancing they glide along with uncanny ease and swiftness.

During special seasons these societies with their devils parade the streets and it is impossible to make one's way through the crowds which follow them. I was on the street late one evening when a great crowd filling the street from one side to the other came towards me. In exasperation I looked for some place to turn away from them but there was no outlet to the street close by. At the sight of the hideous devil and the nearness of the mob I became much alarmed and frightened. A kind lady in a shop saw me and realizing my plight offered her assistance. She said she would conduct me through the crowd as the celebration would continue in the street many hours. Accompanied by her I ventured through the throng unafraid. The more I saw of these Devils the less I feared them and a few months later on I even had my photograph taken with a Bundu Devil while on a visit to bush country, the home of the devils. Even so to me there was never real composure or joy in company with the devils.

MOHAMMEDAN RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES

The Mohammedans have many observances of feasts and fasts. Every Friday is a fast day in preparation for their Sabbath, the seventh day, (Saturday). Their loyalty to their religious customs is commendable. At sunrise, noon and sunset, their appointed hours for prayer, the Mohammedan wherever he is you will find him knee bent, head bowed to the ground, as he cries aloud to Allah. I often observed them in nooks at street corners, or in the fields working, but always in ready response at the "Call to Prayer."

The Mohammedan holds three feasts for their dead, the first three days after burial, the second seven days after burial, and the third forty days after burial. At each of these the relatives and friends gather at the home of the bereaved and enjoy a great feast, which is similar to that of a wedding feast, consisting of jolluf rice, meats, fruits, cakes and wine. At each feast there must be beans, a dish of which is placed on a special table or shelf for the spirit of the dead who is sure to return to enjoy the feast with them. The feast may be an elaborate one or it may be very simple, it depends on the financial status of the parties concerned.

I am reminded of a lady who was a devout Christian, but some of her relatives by marriage were of Mohammedan faith. At the death of her husband, who was a man of great prominence, these relatives tried to insist that this lady permit them to prepare the feast, of course at her expense. They said, "Madam, you must hold a feast and a fine one, for your husband was a Big Man, one of great position, so the feast must be prepared for the community." They pleaded in vain, for this lady assured them that her husband was at rest, and there was no need of a feast or a dish for him.

PAGAN MARRIAGE CEREMONIES

Girls enter the Bundu Society at an adolescent age. There they are under the direction of the Bush mother and are initiated into the functions of a wife, mother and housekeeper. They are also taught the home crafts of their tribe as well as spinning of thread, making of dyes, and dying of thread, cloth and grasses. They are given instructions regarding all phases of home life.

Dancing is also an important part of their bush training. Its purpose is to develop strong healthy bodies in preparation for motherhood. To them it is a great sin for a mother to die in childbirth. The demonstration of their dances reveal rigid and strenuous training, giving exercise to every part of the body. The neck is so supple that it can revolve entirely around on its pivot, the body bends in all directions to its extreme length as if without a bone, the arms and legs have perfect esthetic movements.

The Poro is the society for the training of boys. They too go to the Bush school and are instructed in the duties of home life. Their crafts and trades are taught from father to son from generation to generation.

Betrothal

The procedure of betrothal and marriage is a series of elaborate events and carrying out traditional customs. The young man approaches the girl of his choice with an inexpensive gift such as a headkerchief, piece of jewelry, or trinket. If she admires him she will accept the gift. The next step he sends a female

member of his family to the parents of the girl, or her guardian if the parents are not living. The messenger approaches the parents through a third party, who should be the girl's eldest uncle. The uncle is given a sum of money, an amount the equal of about two dollars and a half or more, which is to be given to the girl's father or oldest male member of the family if the father is not living. The parents then tell the girl of her suitor and he is then invited to their home. He is required to give a full account or the history of his family and relatives, and he in turn is told of hers. Arrangements are made for relatives to become acquainted and both sides must be satisfied that the families are free from hereditary diseases, and also not insolvent debtors. When mutual agreement is established then the engagement is ratified and the bride's price is satisfactorily arranged.

The Bride's Price

The bride's price varies from $10.00 to $200.00 according to the financial status of the family, and it is divided among the girl's family. Her father receives one half, her mother's oldest brother one-fourth, and the bride's brother one-fourth. If the father is dead the mother's brother takes the money and divides it, giving himself one-half, father's representative one-fourth, and the bride's brother one-fourth. If the girl has already passed through the Bundu bush training, the expenses of her training or part of it is paid by her suitor.

The Marriage

At an appointed time the bride is carried to her husband's home, always in the evening, attired in her best native costume and attended by her companions, who also are well dressed. The merry party attracts much attention by their singing and dancing as they pass through the streets. The bridal party is met at the entrance gate of the bridegroom's home by a group of women of the household selected to give the formal welcome. She is then conducted to the apartment of the Head Lady of the house, the bride then becomes an inmate of that house for life. The bride brings all her personal belongings, her idols, household utensils such as pottery, brooms and the like. Her

clothing is brought in their beautiful handmade baskets, known as Shuku baskets, her wealth being estimated by the number of the Shuku baskets.

If a woman is displeased with her husband and refuses to live with him, he is entitled to the repayment of the whole amount he has paid on her behalf. This desertion and repayment serves as a divorce, and both parties are free to marry again. On the other hand if the man is displeased with his wife he makes another selection and sends wife number one to bring the new wife to his home. In some cases maladjustments develop too difficult to explain.

There are many pagan forms of betrothal and marriage, and there are few variations in the observances by each tribe.

MOHAMMEDAN MARRIAGE CEREMONIES

Mohammedan marriages consist of excessive ritual observances as well as elaborate feasting among relatives and friends. The feasts continue for a week or more. The payment of Dowry is an old Eastern custom. We read of it in the Bible; Jacob served Laban, his father-in-law fourteen years for his wife Rachel. The custom of dowry and feasting is practiced to a great extent today in Africa.

Dowry

According to Mohammedan law, the giving of dowry is necessary for the contraction of a valid marriage. Dowry is sometimes paid in household furniture, a certain number of cattle or in money; generally in money.

The Koran says nothing concerning the dowry to be paid before the consummation of the marriage. Some jurists state only part of it should be considered payable at once, and the remainder within a certain stipulated period, or on the dissolution of the contract whether by divorce or by the death of either party.

The dowry differs according to the status of the couple. That is, people who are not considered wealthy may pay from seventy to one hundred dollars for a virgin and thirty or forty dollars for a widow or divorced woman. The dowry also varies according to the circumstance. It may be as much as $600.00 if the parents are wealthy.

The Payment

The man's father gives a feast at his home, to which are invited all the male relatives and friends, and also two notaries. After the feast he sends the notaries and some other men to the girl's father, who at the same time has a feast at his home. The latter asks the former to join them, the dowry is paid and the marriage contract is written. This part of the money is spent by the girl's father for her trousseau. In Fez, the holy city of Islam, the custom requires the father to spend at least the same amount of his own money on her trousseau. The half he contributed is called the mital. An old Eastern saying is "that the Christians spend their money on lawsuits, Jews on religious feasts, and the Mohammedans on weddings."

Procedures and Festivals

Marriages are commonly celebrated in the autumn, when the harvest has come to an end and the granaries are full of corn. Friday, the Mohammedan's Sabbath Eve is considered a blessed night for the marriage.

As soon as a man arrives at the age he should marry, and the father can afford to pay the expenses for the wedding and the new household, they begin to make preparation for the marriage.

After they have found a suitable girl, his mother and some women of the family call on the girl's mother, and speak to her on the subject. She cannot of course give an answer before she has consulted her husband, therefore she asks the young man's mother to come back on a certain day.

If she or her husband opposes the match, she then makes excuse that their daughter is going to marry her cousin. If on the other hand both parents favor the proposal, she informs the mother of the lad how much money her husband requires for his daughter, which answer is communicated to the young man's father. Should the sum be more than the father is willing to pay, his wife goes back and tries to get it reduced. If she definitely fails in this, the matter is dropped.

Whereas if there is a fair prospect of success, her husband asks two or more respectable men with holiness in them; shereefs

or scribes to go with him and negotiate with the girl's father. They call on him in his business place or work shop, addressing him with the words: "Peace be on you, guest of God"; and ask him to come with them to the Mosque. There they broach the question of the price he demands for his daughter, and he mentions the sum, say three hundred dollars, according to instructions previously given by the lad's father, who himself takes no direct part in the negotiations. His friends make objections and propose a smaller sum, for instance two hundred dollars, which the girl's father finds too small a price. They then become fixed on two hundred and fifty dollars.

When the price has been settled they all make Fatihah. This is a ceremonial prayer from the Koran; with hands stretched out, and palms turned upward, they pray. The Prayer of Fatihah: "Praise be to God, the Lord of the Worlds, the Pitying, the Pitiful, King of the Day of Judgement. Thee we do serve, and from Thee we seek help. Lead us in the perfect way, the way of those on whom is Thy grace, not of those on whom is wrath, nor the wanderers. Amen."

When the girl's father goes home and tells his wife of the agreement, the women in the house make a quivering noise; the girl bashfully hides herself not seeing her father for several days. Similarly the young man's father tells his wife what has passed, and in his house also, the women make this same kind of noise, and the lad also keeps himself away from his father.

There has never been any conversation at all between the two young people who are to be married. Only in a quiet and guarded way has his mother let him understand who is to be his wife, without his having even expressed the slightest wish to marry. He has never seen the girl chosen for him unless she is his cousin.

A few days after the proposal has been accepted some eight or ten women of the young man's family, or kin including his mother, go to visit the girl's mother, who entertains them with tea, food and honey; the object of the honey being to make the daughter "sweet" to the family of her future husband, so that there should be no quarrels between them.

On the following Friday the fathers of the young man and the

girl, together with a number of friends meet at the time of mid-day prayer or afternoon prayer at some shrine or at the meeting place of their secret society for Fatihah.

In the afternoon of that day the young man sends some new clothing to his future wife, and she at sunset sends to him small tables with sugar, fresh butter, milk, mint, Crescent (made of icing of pounded almonds, sugar, cinnamon, covered with an extremely thin coat of pastry) and Griba (buns made of flour, sugar and butter). He returns the tables with a fine garment to his betrothed.

In the evening a feast is given in his father's house, with musicians and invited guests. After supper attendants whose duty is to assist women on festival occasions; dress up the young man as a bride, with garments they have brought with them. He is then seated on cushions opposite the door. One of the women sings "Where are you O friend of the bride-groom?" She gives him some milk to drink and another attendant with a plate of dates puts a date in his mouth. After this they give milk and dates to each of his friends. They in turn put money on his forehead, fixing it there with spittle; during this time the women in the upper part of the house as well as the attendants make the quivering noise.

The money is immediately removed from the young man's forehead by one of the women. The custom of sticking coins on the forehead of the bridegroom is common among several races in the East Turcommans who inhabited the village of Mosul discovered in the ruins of Ninevah and Babylon.

The milk offered on this occasion is supposed to make his life white, while the dates represent wealth, in accordance with the common blessing. "May God give dates and plenty" is their prayer on this occasion and it is called "The Evening Fatihah."

In the afternoon of Fatihah, the girl goes to the hot bath, and in the evening her parents give her a feast in their house to which have been invited female relatives. Besides female guests there are also the attendants who are the musicians. The girl dressed in a fine costume of a man, which the attendants brought with them, is seated on a mattress opposite the door. As was

done in the case of her betrothed and with the same purpose in view, an attendant gives her some milk to drink, while another attendant with a plate of dates puts a date into her mouth. Afterwards they give dates and milk to each one of the women guests. The girl's head is decorated with silver coins which are taken by the attendant being the fee for the attendant's services.

In some localities the bride imitates a man by wearing her shawl thrown over her left shoulder, or leaving her home, clad in a man's cloak or having a design representing whiskers painted on her face. The purpose for all this is to prevent the attack from the Evil Spirit or Evil Eye which is supposed to visit both the bride and bride-groom.

"Fetching the Bride"

The great affair is the wedding. First there is the bridal procession. The bridegroom's family and friends set out soon after the evening prayers, according to the distance, with music introduced by two drummings which serve as a summonds, to fetch the bride home in her "ammaria." This is a square steeple-roofed frame or box covered with beautiful bright colored cloth of the finest quality; a cloth or gold scarf spread across the top. This "ammaria" serves as a carriage being strapped to the back of some beast of burden.

On the arrival at the home of the bride, this box is placed at the door of her room by her nearest male relative, who retires while one of the hired female attendants lifts the bride bodily off the bed on which she has sit bedecked all day and places her inside the box, carefully closing the curtains.

The men enter again and lift the "ammaria" carrying it outside and placing it on the back of the beast, while the female attendant is sent on ahead in charge of a box containing the bride's jewels and marriags "lines," which include the inventory of her property. Then commences the full power of the music, which continues to the door of the bridegroom's house. On the way halts are made at the Mosque to say a Fatihah, a prayer. Sometimes the bridegroom joins the procession, but more often he awaits it, and on its arrival stands at the door of his room

with his hand or sword extended, that his wife may pass beneath it as a token of submission to his will, or in some cases he fires a shot over her head with the same idea, the bullet being left in the wall, by way of reminder. The men then retire, leaving the bride in charge of the attendant, who with a lighted candle in her hand, proclaims the charm of the new comer. A bowl of milk is placed to the lips of the pair by a female relative of the bridegroom, who then also retires, and light refreshments having been prepared inside, the door is shut, and the happy couple left to make each other's acquaintance over a cup of tea.

Next morning the bridegroom intimates his satisfaction with the match to the attendant, who informs their waiting friends, and the fact is announced to the public by firing of guns, usually three shots. If, however, as it sometimes happens, the bridegroom does not find his bride the maiden she was represented to be, it is his privilege to exercise his legal right of sending her home at once, or the next morning. The scandal caused by such proceedings is in most cases sufficient reason for getting it done with as little disturbance as possible, therefore he often retains her, and she is kept in the house only as a slave.

After the wedding, the bridegroom is supposed to stay indoors for a week, and the bride for a year, which means pretty close confinement. She finds herself in charge of a one room menage which gives opportunity for the addition of the fatty charms so admired by the Orientals.

On the seventh day the feasting recommences with the first appearance of a married woman's garb on the bride. Matrons dress richly when they can afford to, but all matrons take on the veil and as much jewelry as they can acquire.

On the fortieth day the dressing and henna bath is gone through for the last time in public, and ten months after a reception is given for all young brides like herself. Her future lot will depend on the influence she maintains over her husband, to be measured not only by good looks or accomplishments, but also by the number of sons she bears, and the competition of possible rivals.

AFRICAN FOOD

"What do Africans eat?" This question has been asked me more than any other. Too often we have heard only one side of Primitive African life and customs. We have been told that these savage people eat snails, worms and monkeys, followed by remarks as "How dreadful it is that these poor savages know nothing better." In comparing some of our food with theirs you can note much similarity. Is our oyster, also a shelled creature, not altogether unlike the snail; or our shrimp unlike the worm in appearance? I recall that a visitor to our sea-side city who came from the western mountain section refused to eat our shrimp, saying they looked like worms. Monkeys are eaten by some tribes, and I was told that when they are dried they are much like dried beef, and when roasted they are also very tasty. I wonder if the monkey would compare favorably with the southern roasted o'possum. Let us not discredit the primitive African and consider him so inferior to us, even in his food.

Sierra Leone is in the same geographical tropical area as many other countries having the same latitude, and nature produces vegetation of various kinds bountiful in all tropical areas. One of the greatest attractions to strangers in this section is the abundant production of many luscious fruits some of which are well known to us.

From December through May oranges are plentiful. They are grown in a section just across the river from Freetown in Bullom country. Early in the morning before sunrise the view from my eastern window was that of hundreds of little sail boats whipped and tossed by the wind. They were bringing the Natives from Bullom with thousands of baskets of oranges from their groves to King Jimmy's Market. From the landing the oranges are carried to the nearest market places which are on Kroo-town Road. Vendors from all sections of the Colony and Protectorate come to these market places to buy. The largest size oranges

cost a penny a dozen (two cents in our money), and the smaller ones two dozen and more for a penny. On my return home it was difficult at first to go to our market places and pay thirty and forty cents a dozen for oranges that were not nearly as large or as sweet as those of my African brothers.

The primitive people in the Native villages do not prepare a morning breakfast for their children, instead they send them out to the groves and fields for fruit. Thus these poor savage children, as we consider them, have nature's best sunkist fruit that many children in our country cannot have; many others have to be contented with the canned fruit juices while thousands of other children have no fruit at all.

Bananas also grow in abundance, wild as well as cultivated. There are many varieties of bananas; the "green skin" which is ripe when apparently green. This particular variety is usually large; and I have seen bunches of them four feet long sell for two shillings, (about 50 cents). How I longed for the little children at home to be with me where they could eat bananas to their satisfaction. Other varieties are the silver banana, very small in size, not mellow and of little flavor; the red banana, short, thick, usually sweet and mellow; another short thick yellow banana called the medicated banana, somewhat firm, yet mellow, very sweet and almost predigested. The medicated banana can be eaten in large quantities without discomfort, and eaten early in the morning, followed by a glass of cold water is a perfect laxative.

In the lowlands of the Protectorate there are large areas of voluntary growth of bananas never gathered or used by anyone. I recall that in the Village of Waterloo all of the compounds are enclosed with banana bushes of very thick growth. I was told that this was for fire protection as well as protection from the intrusion of large animals.

Mango trees grow to the height of two hundred feet and have great spreading brances. The fruit is of the plumb family, has flat seed covered with a heavy fleshy pulp, is sweet and said to contain much pepsin; and like the medicated banana six or more can be eaten at bed time with excellent effect on the digestive

organs. Mangoes like other fruit grow in mass abundance in tribal territories of these primitive people. They are without cost to anyone. All the fruits of the land belong to the people of the land, and the land to the people.

Paw Paw, Papaya as it is called in Florida, is another fruit of much value. Before I went to Africa I read of this fruit being found in Mexico, and because of its perishable quality it was brought from there to Washington, D. C., by plane. Much was said of its medicinal value.

The Paw Paw trees are of rapid growth. One given me by the Bishop of the Sierra Leone Colony only about three feet high when transplanted in my garden grew in less than one year to more than twenty feet in height. The stems grow from the body of the tree and these are from eight to ten feet long; the leaves, resemble a palm and the fruit grows in bunches of five or seven on a stem and are pear shaped the size of our honey dew melon. The fruit is taken off the tree when it has reached its full size, the skin still green, and is brought in the house to ripen. The skin is yellow when ripe, the inside a deep orange in color, texture somewhat that of the honey dew mellon only softer and mildly sweet. Its medicinal quality for digestion is wonderful. Only a quarter of one eaten after a heavy meal will give perfect digestion to a sufferer from undigested food. As a story goes, a fellow traveler was on his way and paused under a paw paw tree to rest while waiting for his companion. He looked up and saw this attractive fruit. Knowing nothing of the fruit and its wonderful quality he began to eat one and finding it so pleasing to his taste he ate another and another until he had eaten many. They were so easy to digest that finally the paw paw digested the man. When his companion came to the paw paw tree, their meeting place, he found only the shoes of his companion there.

The Paw Paw tree when cut down and burned produces ashes which contain potash. These ashes are used for making soap. The knowledge of making soap from ashes was brought to this country from Africa by our ancestors.

Paw Paw leaves are used to whiten or bleach clothes. After the first washing the clothes are spread on the grass and covered

with Paw Paw leaves to remain there overnight. The next morning the leaves are removed and the clothes washed out again and when dry they are beautifully clear and white.

One of the Foulah tribesmen whose life's work was that of cattle raising told me that they used Paw Paw leaves to wrap coarse, tough meat for curing. The leaves are left on the meat overnight and the next day the meat is finer in texture and more tender; and when cooked the flavor greatly improved. Recently I read that our tenderized hams have been treated with the Paw Paw leaves which improves the flavor and increases the tenderness.

For medicinal purposes the Paw Paw leaves are dried; and when steeped and used for a bath have proven to be of wonderful value to the Natives. Mrs. B., an educated Christian woman of high repute was a patient in the maternity ward in the hospital in Sierra Leone. After the birth of her baby she suffered severe pains all over her body. In the same ward were many primitive women who were being attended by their own tribal women who gave them the paw paw tea baths, external Native measures unobjected to by the hospital authorities. Mrs. B. suffered without relief and was advised by one of her friends to try the Paw Paw baths which had been offered her, however she objected to this during her stay in the hospital. After returning home she continued to suffer and finally consented to have one of the Native women come prepare and give the baths to her. Mrs. B. was given the tea baths for three days after which time she was again well and strong enough to direct the affairs of her household and care for her baby.

Pineapples, some of which grow to a mammoth size are called Queen pineapples. There are smaller pineapples which vary in size. Berries of many varieties are abundant, but none like our strawberries and blackberries, many of them having only one seed. To the Natives apples have little or no value. They are unlike our apple in many respects. They are rather small and pear shaped. In color some are white while others are pink. The skin is very thin and the texture of the fruit is spongy with little flavor or sweetness. They grow on the tree branches in

bunches from eight to ten like grapes on a long stem. They are truly beautiful to the eye, but nothing much to the taste. The only similarity to the apple as we know it, is the seed. There is also an apple called the Monkey apple. This fruit has the appearance, size and color of the cocoanut. Inside the shell we find a large number of brown seeds that look something like dried almonds. They have an acid-sweet taste and can be eaten raw or cooked, roasted or boiled. The sweet sop is a fruit unknown to us, pear shaped, green skin, the inside having many milky white lobes each containing brown seed. The flavor of the sweet sop is hard to describe but it is very delicious and it is like the attar of roses. The sour sop is similar to the sweet sop except that it has a great deal of acidity.

Cassava is of two varieties, the bitter and sweet. The bitter Cassava is largely grown in Sierra Leone. It resembles our cotton plant, the root being the part which is eaten. It is sedative in its quality when in starch form. The root is washed many times and made into balls. Failure to wash thoroughly may cause one to be ill with drunkenness if eaten. The farmer plants this bitter Cassava around their fields of sugar cane to protect it from the monkeys. In the mornings scores of monkeys may be found asleep on these farms after a night's indulgence in this intoxicating plant.

Fufu, made of Cassava, is the traditional dish in Sierra Leone. It is prepared in every household for the Saturday evening meal not only by primitive Natives but by the non primitive educated Christians also. Our Tapioca is a by-product of the Cassava. It is interesting to know how fufu is prepared and eaten. The Cassava balls are washed thoroughly and like our starch dissolved and poured in a pot of hot water which is stirred continually, cooking up into a stiff pudding. A palaver sauce is then made of many kinds of greens chopped fine and thoroughly cooked to which is added dried bunga fish, okra, palm oil and lube. The lube has an effect similar to baking soda which makes the okra, as they say, "draw", to us "slimy". A fufu meal is served in the following manner: The Cassava pudding is put in individual dinner or soup plates as large quantities are eaten. The

sauce highly seasoned with African hot pepper is placed in individual bowls. The stiff pudding is cut with a large spoon which has been dipped in a bowl of water, preventing the starchy paste sticking; and is then taken out by spoonfuls and dropped into the slick palaver sauce. With the spoon the pudding is rolled around into the sauce and the sauce completely covers the pudding which is taken out and placed in the mouth and swallowed without chewing. This is done with apparent ease on account of the slippery sauce. The Native's way of eating fufu is to take the Cassava pudding in the fingers and sop it in palaver sauce, then swallow it whole, all eating from one general dish. The primitive mothers even feed fufu to their infants by holding their heads down and forcing the fufu down their throats. The rate of infant mortality is very high on account of the consumption of too much starch.

The Breadfruit tree is also of voluntary growth, and is mammoth in size. The fruit grows on a stem like an orange and is about the size of a large grapefruit. The outside of the fruit is green and rough, similar to a sycamore ball. The inside texture is very fine and firm. When roasted it may be sliced as any baker's bread. It is just a little sweet and has an odd but pleasant flavor. I have enjoyed eating this bread with the avacado or butter pear. Truly this bread and butter from the trees is delicious and wholesome. I knew a man who was reprimanded by the authorities because he did not allow children to gather Breadfruit from trees near his home. He failed to recognize the law of the land regarding the yields from trees of voluntary growth.

Rice is a daily food for everyone in both the Colony and Protectorate of Sierra Leone. Small quantities are raised by tribal groups in the Hinterland, but the greatest supply is imported by the Syrians, who are found in every section of the Hinterland. So necessary is rice in the diet at least twice daily that failure to obtain it causes the Natives to become panic stricken. Scarcity of rice often occurs on account of drought. On one occasion the price of rice went up overnight, far above the means of the masses. The towns and villages were in an uproar and the tribal

NIGERIAN LEATHER ARTICLES

A display of leather articles showing elaborate handwork and culminating in decorative dyed leather. Across arms and back of sofa is the skin of a boa constrictor, male, length of which is 9 ft. 6 inches.

groups went to the Syrian shops, took all of their rice and trampled it under their feet. The British Government sent police forces to quell the disorder, but to no avail, for these were Native brothers of those who were suffering and their sympathy was deeper than the demand of duty. It resulted in the Government repaying the Syrians for their loss, and the supply of rice was increased so that the prices were again normal. The taxpayers of the Sierra Leone Colony were assessed an extra tax to meet the expense of the incident.

There are several grades of rice. the whole grain. half grain and cracked rice. Some of the rice is unbleached or brown in color while some is bleached or white. The price, when purchased in baskets of approximately a bushel, spoken of as sixty cups. is one shilling and six pence, the equal of thirty-six cents in our money.

Each compound or family group has a wooden mortar, which is much in appearance like a country milk churn for making butter. The pole measures four to six feet and is used to pound the rice in the mortar for the purpose of removing the chaff and cleaning the rice. For large families rice is cooked in iron pots in the yard, set up on rocks or a tripod. Each grain is well cooked. It is eaten with raw palm oil or palaver sauce, the same as made for Foo Foo with the exception of the omission of okra. The amount of rice cooked at least twice daily is one-half pint for each member of the household.

At wedding feasts Jolof rice is the main dish. This is cooked in the large iron pots that are from six to ten feet in circumference, called awojoah pots, "Big Cook", used in preparing feasts of Chiefs and Head Men. Two or more cups are cooked for each guest, and you can imagine what a quantity is cooked for a hundred or more persons. This dish is the mixture of rice, bacon, chicken, beef, tomatoes, hot peppers and peanut oil, much like the Mexican Rice. I have enjoyed it many times at wedding feasts.

Corn is another much used grain familiar to us, but not in the dry form as we use it for meal and grits. Their corn is prepared in a liquid called "ogi", pronounced "o gee". This is often a

morning drink, as our coffee or tea. "Agidi", pronounced "agidee", is also prepared from corn, which is a semi-solid, as a stiff cornstarch pudding, and is eaten with a palaver sauce.

Yams belong to the potato family, and are much like our sweet potatoes but not as sweet. They vary in shapes and sizes, some being as long as eighteen inches.

I found in the Colony many kinds of vegetables, lettuce, spinach, tomatoes. Some of their greens are crin crin, water cress, sweet potato leaves, and others just known as "greens." All of these greens are used in their palaver sauces.

There are two kinds of tomatoes, one of which is small and of the same variety known to us. The other tomato known as the snake tomato is unlike any I had ever seen. It is a yellowish red tomato and in form very much like a snake, length from twelve to eighteen inches. This tomato is not a solid which can be sliced but contains only a liquid and is used primarily in soups. It was during my visit to Mr. M.'s farm located on the side of a mountain that I first saw the snake tomato. Standing near a fence I saw something that looked exactly like a red snake moving towards me. I rubbed my eyes to be sure I was seeing things correctly. Just then a swift wind began to blow and this eighteen inch snake form apparently was advancing in my direction. Without saying a word to those with me I took out and ran as fast as I could over the rocky mountain side. My friends had a time overtaking me to tell me that what I saw was only a vegetable known as the snake tomato. During my visit to this farm I also learned of many plants, fruits and vegetables I had never seen before, and even after having been frightened by the snake tomato I recall how delighted I was to have learned so much.

Plantains, of the vegetable family, have the appearance of our bananas in shape, size and color, but are not eaten raw. They may be steamed, boiled or fried and are highly valuable for their iron and starch properties.

Beef, lamb, kid, and pork in small quantities, is the meat chiefly used in Sierra Leone. The forests abound in much game which the Natives enjoy hunting as well as relish as food. Chickens are found in large numbers but are generally of the small

breeds. Little attention has been given to the development and raising of fowl. I found them much the same as our chickens in taste and the price only six to nine cents per pound.

Fish are found in large quantities, one of the most outstanding being the Bunga. The Bunga is caught in nets and like our herring are very bony, mostly used when smoked. They are also said to be very rich in vitamins and are a part of the daily diet of the Natives, being used in all their palaver sauces. Other fish used generally are gwan gwa, chinos, groupa, snapper, coutah, crocus, mackerel, spanish mackerel and sole. Fish are brought into the markets twice daily. The Kroo and the Bullom tribes are the leading fishermen.

Fish was a large part of my diet, the sole, groupa and coutah being my preference as they were of fine texture and much like our trout. However, the other fish, as is the case with our many varieties, were eatable and tasty.

Cocoanut palms are frequently found in most sections. These trees bear many fine cocoanuts which are highly prized for their water and jelly-like substance before the outer shell is hard, being cool and refreshing. The Natives eat very little cocoanut in the dried form as we have to use them. I was in constant fear and dread that a full grown hard cocoanut would fall on my helmet as many of the small unmatured ones had fallen on me. But fortunately this never happened and there seems to be little danger by falling cocoanuts as the Natives know when to gather them and they are never left on the trees.

Groundnuts, or Native peanuts, also have an important place in their diet. Groundnut paste, similar to peanut butter, is used in chicken soup, which makes a delicious dish. The nuts are eaten parched and are also used in making candies somewhat similar to our peanut candies. Groundnut oil is also extracted from the nuts by the primitive Natives, and is vendered by their little boys along the road sides for one shilling a bottle, twenty-five cents. It is used in their cooking somewhat as the Palm oil.

Kola nuts are among the largest exports of Sierra Leone. They are found along the whole of tropical West African Coast as well as in the Hinterlands. Large plantations of these nuts

are raised by the Native planters. There are two kinds of these nuts, a bitter and sweet. The appearance of the kola nut is similar to the Brazil or butter nut, having the same shape. They are covered by a thin pink or reddish skin which is removed before being eaten. They have a rather insipid taste and the bitter ones much like a large dried acorn while the sweet ones are like the chinquipin. The Natives eat many kola nuts. They have a sedative effect and are therefore a habit forming drug. The Coca-Cola we use is made from the extract of these kola nuts.

Oil from the Oil Palm is an important item in African food. The Palm oil to the Natives in their cooking is the same as the cooking fats are to the American people.

THE OIL PALM INDUSTRY

The oil palm is a tall tree of voluntary growth in tropical forests. It is amazing to see how bountifully nature provides the things that are of absolute necessity for man's need. The oil palm is the chief economic plant on which all tribes depend for food and maintenance. Its great height and lack of branches on the stem have compelled the Native farmer to use his creative ability to invent something by which he can collect the nuts. With twisted dry fibre obtained from the branches of the palm tree he forms a kind of cord, which he calls a climber. This he uses after reaching a certain height up the tree to pull down the heavy branches laden with the palm nuts.

Born farmers, and from their inward urge to seek after fortune, the peasants migrate wherever palm trees abound. Hundreds of these ambitious farmers move to provinces that offer extensive products and ample fellow workers. The Native methods by which the farmer extracts oil from the nuts is indeed very interesting.

Gathering the nuts: The farmer climbs the tree with a pair of climbers and cuts off the bunches of nuts with a cutlass. The bunches are collected in heaps near the treading canoe. A heap ranges from fifty to one hundred bunches.

Fermentation: The farmer sprinkles water on the bunches and covers them with leaves for three or four days. The high temperature causes the nuts to shrink and fall off easily.

Treading: The farmer puts the nuts into the canoe. He invites some of his fellow farmers to help him. They accept the invitation and work very hard, expecting no reward except a like mutual assistance. Two men go into the canoe to tread at a time, warm water being sprinkled over the nuts as the treading goes on. Music is employed to call their strength into action. After this a second treading is done on the following day to ensure a thorough flow of oil from the pericap. The treaded mass is moved to one end of the canoe, which is slightly raised to enable

the oil to flow to the other end. The invited farmers now leave and the remaining work is done by the farmer, assisted by some women.

Extracting the Oil: The women fetch water and pour it on the treaded nuts. The farmer shakes the oil from the pericap by agitating with a prepared palm branch, he sometimes uses his hands instead. The oil flows and is skimmed off into a pot. The bare nuts and fibres sink into the bottom of the hollow in the canoe. The oil taken out is boiled and after being cooled is poured into calabashes, or large Native trays.

Cleaning the Canoes: The hole in the lower part of the canoe is opened and the water runs out. The women carry away the kernels, dry and crack them to remove the oil. The Palm nut kernel contains a small quantity of a very fine oil. The native women use this oil for dressing their hair. These kernels are exported for their oil content and the finer Palm Oil products are made from the oil from this particular source.

Palm oil is the most important factor in the Natives' diet. It is used for cooking as we use our fats. This oil is also used before being processed and in its raw state looks very much like tomato sauce. It is relished by the Natives poured over rice and their other starchy foods. To my amazement and amusement I noticed that one of the house boys at the compound ate daily a large basin filled with rice covered with raw palm oil, which seemed to be his favorite food.

The tonic soup or portion remaining after skimming off the oil is seasoned and drunk in the morning as English people drink tea.

Palm Wine is the sap of the oil palm tree. This is obtained from the topmost height of the tree. After sundown the men ascend to these heights, cut gashes in the tree and tie bottles under the same where they remain over night. Early in the morning before sunrise they ascend the trees and collect the bottles. The taste of this wine is much like cocoanut water, only a little more brackish with an odd flavor of its own. It is indeed a refreshing morning drink. This I enjoyed among other native luxuries during my visit to Jerico Farm, the rest home of my guardian, Mrs. J.

Palm Wine has other qualities, fermentation being produced by letting the bottles remain on the trees for twenty-four hours. The wine thus formed is as intoxicating as any French wines. Sugar added to the sap and exposed to the sun for many days produces a drink strong as whiskey. Licenses are required by the English for the Natives to vend these drinks. As in our country when men have no money to purchase the licenses they bootleg their drinks and when caught they have to pay the cost in fines or their time in labor.

Palm Cabbage is the fruit before the kernel develops. This fine food is served only to Native Kings, Chiefs and other important personages on great occasions.

As palm trees bear nearly every three months, the surplus oil after consumption during any period of collection is scarcely less than seventy-five per cent of the aggregate quantity. This is sold to the oil merchants, who sell it to European firms. During my stay in Sierra Leone we used oleomargarine made from this oil. The kernels obtained by cracking the nuts also has an oil which is useful, both locally and for exports; our Palm Olive soap contains this kind of oil. A small quantity of this nut oil is used by the women for making grease which is rubbed on their bodies after bathing. During the rainy season men, women and children have their bodies well oiled with Palm Oil, and when exposed to the rain are unaffected as the oil protects them, causing the water to run off. Without this Native measure they would contract colds as we do from such exposure.

The nut shells are useful to the smithy for fuel. Beads and trinkets are also made of the shells. The empty cones, when boiled, produce excellent oil substance for soap making. The calabashes previously used as oil containers are so saturated with oil that when broken and lit serve as excellent torches for spearing fish at night. The waste chaff when dried is burned for outside lighting. The oil itself is used in soap making by Natives in large quantities to be marketed. In the rural villages the palm branches are used exclusively for roofs on their houses.

AFRICAN ARTS AND CRAFTS

From the earliest times primitive man has discovered, created and provided many necessities for his human needs in food, clothing and shelter. It is of much interest to all to note the home crafts as we find them today in Sierra Leone. Observing a craftsman of the Hausa tribe making a leather floor cushion of many bright colors I asked him who taught him such beautiful work. The answer he gave me was "Madam, what I do my people have done throughout the ages, yes long before we came here from the far east." From this reply I began to give much thought to the primitive Native African's close family unity, rigid home training, thorough preparation necessary for self maintenance and future security, all of which enabled him to produce at all times a sufficient supply of home crafts for barter and trade.

Among home crafts we find cloth making, many kinds of grass work, brass and other metal work, calabash and wood carving. Their art and craft is a heritage of which they are justly proud. They are intelligent and very keen on the value of their hand craft which is readily observed by the high prices they place on their goods. Their Native cloths and leather cushions range from one to five pounds, English money, approximately five dollars to twenty-five dollars each, according to the size and fineness of the material.

There is a great demand for Native craft work by European tourists. It was very fortunate for me that I was an Afro-American and through personal contact with Paramount Chiefs and other important personages I was able to secure a wonderful collection.

During December, January and February many tourist boats come to Sierra Leone, at which time Freetown, the seaport city, is filled with traders from the remotest villages and even from other Colonies with their lovely hand work which they are permitted to carry on shipboard and display their goods for sale. Hand crafts have developed into a profession and industry.

SHUKU BASKETS AND GRASS WORK

Baskets on grass hand woven sleeping mat. Tray, pillows, pocketbooks made from fine woven grass, hand embroidered. Cover on stool also of woven grass.

CLOTH MAKING

Native cloth making is an industry of the Protectorate of Sierra Leone, where we find the primitive home life of many tribes. The Mende tribe leads in this industry, although many tribes are thus engaged, among which are the Limba, the Vei or Vais, the Sherbo and Konno. Each tribe has its own patterns of weaving. There are three qualities of cloth, the first made of homespun thread, very heavy; the second made of homespun thread and imported factory thread; the third made of all factory thread, the lightest in weight.

To one who is not skilled in the knowledge of cotton, the African cotton looks much like ours, although I was told that their cotton fiber is very short and that it could not be used in factories. However, the Natives know their cotton and are skilled in the hand manufacture of his cotton goods. There are three kinds of cotton, the white, fawn or cream, and the brown.

Early in May is cotton planting time. Just before the coming of the rains the men prepare the soil for planting, not by machinery or horse and plough, but with a short handle hoe about the length of a hatchet. He clears the ground of the low stubble; the trees, if any, are cut and burned, the tree stumps are left to aid in giving resistance from wash-outs during the heavy rains. After the ground is cleared the seed is sown by the men and women. The constant rain and warm weather give rapid growth to both the cotton and the many weeds. At this time the women are busy, for it is their daily task to weed the cotton.

The men and women gather the crop which is then stored in a little clay house, the same in structure as their dwelling. It is spread out here to dry, after which it is ready to be spun into thread.

The preparation and spinning of cotton into thread by the Native women is most interesting. They gin or seed the cotton with their fingers, after which it is combed with wire brushes or carders like those our fore-parents used. These carders only in recent years have been imported to West Africa, before which time the Natives used only self-improvised tools. For this purpose

they make a bow with a pliable cane of small bamboo by joining the ends with a very tough string. With this they brush and whip the cotton until it becomes light. Today we find the Native comber being used by some working in the same group with others using the wire comber. They do not discard all the useful old implements with the coming of the new. After the combing of the cotton it is rolled in long narrow strips and wound around a stick about fifteen inches long. The younger women do all the preparatory work for spinning.

The spinning is done by the older women. A small wooden stick about fifteen inches long, pointed at each end; one end placed in a wheel like concern made of clay or soap stone in the bottom of a small bowl in which is a little sand, serves as a spindle on which the thread is wound. The combed or carded cotton on a similar stick is held high up in the left hand from which a small bit of twisted cotton is attached to the stick in the bowl, and when the stick in the bowl is spun around between the thumb and fingers, the weight of the stone gives momentum to the twirling of the stick; rapidly the cotton is twisted into thread from the first stick in the left hand to the second stick in the bowl. In less than fifteen minutes the stick is filled with thread. These sticks of thread are carefully wrapped in cloth and put away, some to be dyed and others to be used in their natural color.

Dying thread and cloth is also done by the women. They have much knowledge on the art of dying. All of their dyes are of vegetable products. The women of Mohammedan faith of the Temne, Susu, and Mandingo tribes lead in this industry. One of their colors, indigo blue, known as "gara", is used almost exclusively by the Temnes. Among their other colors are brown, green, red, black and yellow. The brighter colors are used in their art and craft work of grasses for baskets and mats, also for dying leather.

Weaving the thread into cloth is done by the men. They are kept busy during the dry season weaving their threads into beautiful cloths of varied patterns and styles. The weaver truly knows his patterns, for he has nothing before him as a guide,

yet the mathematical calculations are wonderful as the designs are perfect in form and rhythm.

At Moyamba we found a Mende weaver in a large open area of his compound at work. The very simple loom consisted of a tripod of three sticks from which were suspended the heards. The warp is threaded through the heards and then the comb. The sole support of the comb is the wrap, the threads are rendered taunt by being tied to two sticks about twenty or thirty feet apart. The comb has a handle projecting from one side. The weaver sits on a small stool on one side of the loom and works the woof on the shuttle, which is a short piece of wood, with his hands. He interchanges the warp by pressing the foot pieces alternately with the feet. As he works he moves the whole loom and its supporters along the stretched warp. When he has reached the end he rolls up the finished length of the cloth and secures this at the commencing end and stretches another length of warp to the finishing end. The cloth is made in long strips carefully put together so that the pattern is perfect.

Many families of wealth have large collections of their Country Cloths, each cloth being a garment or household article. These cloths with the family jewelry comprise their family heirlooms. The men of the family are the inheritants of the Country Cloths. With these cloths he often pays the Dowry for his bride.

When a girl finishes her training with the Bush Mother of her Bundu Society, or finishes her schooling as we would say (this is the only Native training outside her home a girl has) and returns home, shortly thereafter she is dressed in her family's finest cloths and jewelry and has a prominent seat in the center of her compound or on the verandah where she can see and be seen by her friends who pass and admire her. She is then ready for marriage and awaits the suitor her parents have accepted for her.

Likewise the young man after completion of training in the Poro Society upon his return is dressed in his family's finest cloths and makes visits to friends in his and other nearby villages; and as he passes through the streets he is greeted by all who meet him. He is then ready to learn of the young woman and her family whom his parents have selected for him.

The designs woven in country cloths have their meaning, as for example as we would say "The Court of Arms" of that tribe. A Paramount Chief of Moyamba, in Sierra Leone, explained to me the meaning of the "Step Design" in their tribal cloth. He said that it represented the development of his tribe from the cave life to the present day. The first step represents the building of the first clay house; built of the clay from the ant hill which has the tenacity of cement. I have seen these ant hills some of which are fifteen to twenty feet high. The second step represents their discovery of other uses of clay, for pottery, their cooking utensils and other household articles; for decorations and masks used by their tribal Societies; and for many other things. The third step represents their hunting of animals for food which developed in their creating ways to use their hides, first for loin cloths and other garb and later to making of articles needed in the home such as floor mats, cushions and other useful things. Today this has developed into a profitable industry. The fourth step represents the cotton from their cotton tree which lead to the development of their creative ability to make thread and then the looms on which to weave the thread into cloth for their many uses at home and also for commercial use. The fifth and last step, a narrow strip at the top of the design represents their recent, twentieth century, acceptance of Christian Education which has been brought to them by American Missionaries.

The Paramount Chief explained all this with so much profoundness that I marvelled and made such admiration of his cloth that he said, "Miss H., I will summon my best weaver to make a cloth for you."

The African Silk Cotton Tree is gigantic in size, and like our oak, stands for ages. In height they vary from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, and the great spreading branches afford a haven of rest for many weary travelers. In Freetown, one of these trees is the oldest known land mark, and it is spoken of as "The Mother of the Town." The cotton tree flower and boll are the same in shape and color as our field cotton. Upon ripening the boll falls from the tree. Inside the boll is a fawn color silky fiber

which is used primarily for a filler for pillows, cushions and the like. Many cloth manufacturers could use this fine fiber to make a material that would probably far surpass our rayon.

LEATHER GOODS

Leather is obtained from the hides of sheep, goats and cows. This is made possible by the industry of cattle raising in the Northern Province by the Foulah, Mandingo and the Susu tribes. There are other leather goods made from the hides and skins of the Leopards and snakes which are commonly found in both the Protectorate and the Colony of Sierra Leone.

The leather workers are skilled in the curing and tanning of the raw hides and also in dyeing leather. The same Native dyeing process is used as in dyeing grasses and cloth. Patterns of articles desired by Europeans and Americans have been given to the Native craftsmen which accounts for pocket-books of many styles, tea cosies, small jewelry boxes and other fancy articles being found among the Native wares.

Many leather articles are used in the homes of the Natives. Floor cushions are used instead of chairs. These cushions are made of many beautiful bright colors harmoniously blended, perfect in symmetry of design. The work on them is very neat, inside seams well sewed with their leather thread. Leather mats are likewise used for floor seats. Leather sandals of many styles are worn. The half back has no straps while the strap sandal has one lace. It is surprising how well these apparently loose shoes fit the feet. They are not purchased at the shops or market places, or on street corners, as many other things are. Each individual goes to his shoemaker, who very carefully measures his feet, and thus the shoes are a perfect fit. Many kinds of belts and body support straps are made from both cowhide, sheep and snake skins. Much leather is also used in making musical instruments such as the Tom Tom and Balanjai.

THE CALABASH

The calabash is a plant of the melon family. It has a hard outer shell and is known to us as the gourd. In Sierra Leone we

find these calabashes in huge sizes of various shapes and thicknesses. They are made into many useful household articles.

In the history of the Hausa tribe we learn that the calabashes were used for their cooking utensils before the art of pottery was known to them, and later their pottery was fashioned after these gourds or calabashes. In many of our country homes we still find the family drinking dipper made from a gourd.

In our school compound there was a calabash water cooler. This calabash, with the capacity of one gallon, grew in a jug shape having a bottle neck type top, a short spout on the side and a flat surface base. A small opening was cut at the spout and the top of the neck which permitted a current of air to pass over the water in the jug. This air current passing over the water for a couple of hours produced the coolness necessary for drinking water in the tropics. Ice cold water in a hot climate would be harmful to the health.

Some of the large round calabashes are ninety inches or more in circumference and when cut in half, inside seeds and pulp removed, serve as trays that are used by the men and women vending their wares. These trays are balanced on their heads with the use of a heavy grass ring, which together with their natural art of equal balance, enables them to carry two or three of them filled and stacked on each other. It is an interesting scene to watch the women as they descend the winding roads from the mountain villages at sunrise with these trays on their heads, filled with garden vegetables, some going to the market places, others selling from house to house. It was with much interest I looked forward to the coming of my market woman. There was always something to be learned from these contacts, although many times we knew not the other's language but there was always a way of understanding in making purchases. Response to the feeling of love and sympathy was reflected in the brightness of her eyes and smile.

SHUKU BASKETS AND GRASS WORK

The Sierra Leone Shuku Baskets are found in every home in the Territory, their bright colors are artistically blended as they

are worked in many patterns. These baskets are made of a bamboo reed foundation, covered with raffia palm, both grow abundantly in the lowlands of the Southern Province of the Protectorate. Men and women are engaged in the basket industry. The men gather and strip the raffia palm while the women are busy gathering the berries, barks of trees and other vegetable products to make the dyes. Both groups are skilled in the making of the baskets. It is interesting to observe how perfectly the tops fit the baskets. They are so tightly fitted that even when the basket is filled with articles of noticeable weight they can be lifted and carried by the narrow raffia handle without the top pulling off.

Baskets are used as receptacles for all types of their household articles, food, wearing apparel and the cover-cloths used to cover with while sleeping. Very small baskets for trinkets of gold, silver, and ivory are used in large numbers, due to the fact that some type of trinket is worn by every one from infancy to old age. The sizes of Shuku baskets range from a few inches to many yards in circumference. I have seen as many as three small children in one big basket. They were very comfortable and safe while their busy mother attended to her household duties.

An attractive sight is that of the men with a large number of baskets stacked in each other according to their sizes as they bring them, well balanced on their heads, to the market places in villages and towns, also from house to house, for sale. The prices vary according to the size, the quality of the work and to whom they are sold. A Native will sell to another Native of any tribe a basket for six pence, or twelve cents, while for the same basket he would demand, three shillings, or seventy cents, of a foreigner.

There is a grass somewhat coarse and stiff which is stripped in fine pieces like thread and is woven by the Mandingo tribe of Liberia and Sierra Leone into a grass cloth used for making articles such as floor cushions, pillows, mats, handbags and pocketbooks of many styles. This grass cloth is also embroidered in many attractive designs with beautiful colored threads.

HANDCARVING OF THE ASHANTI AND CALABAR TRIBES

The home of the Ashanti Tribe is in the Gold Coast, West Africa. This tribe, like many other primitive groups, is highly skilled in the arts of their crafts, which they have developed to meet their many necessities. In their forests we find elephants, lions and other animals. The forest also has a wealth of valuable timber. The seats in the homes for the women and children are generally floor mats of grass of their home crafts. There are also seats of distinction for the father and guest. Often these are only roughly carved stools of some elevation. However, the craftsmen know the animals of their forests and admire them, so they pattern their seats of distinction in their homes or compounds after these animals. They make them in pairs, one being much larger than the other, apparently representing the male and the female. We find elephants, lions and other animal stools or seats. The elephant is admired for its greatness in size which represents supreme power and is therefore more generally used as a pattern.

The Brass Trays of the Calabars of Nigeria also demonstrate admiration of the elephant. The patterns or designs are outlined on the trays by the men, and the women by the use of sharp instruments hammer indentations on the outlines.

The Gold Coast, true to its name is rich in the production of gold. Some few years ago raw gold was sold on the market places, but now it is made into trinkets and sold. The richness of its color, the pureness of its quality, and the elaborate hand carvings and the lace work of the goldsmiths make their jewelry most beautiful. One little African girl said to me: "Miss H., your gold jewelry looks like brass besides our gold," and truly it did.

NATIVE DANCING AND ENTERTAINMENTS

During my stay in Sierra Leone, I was the recipient of many special opportunities which afforded me much pleasure, among these were the Native entertainments. These I attended both in the Bush country or hinterland as well as in Freetown where special entertainments were arranged for the European tourists who came out yearly to the Colony. Mr. T., the manager of these entertainments, was very fortunate in being able to secure the most skillful dancers and the most mystical devils in the Territory. When Mr. T. learned of my interest in Native life, he called to see me and presented me with a complimentary season ticket. The performances were continuous from nine A. M. to nine P. M. My first attendance of three hours or more was filled with excitement and a feeling akin to fear a large part of the time, especially when the snake performer played his role.

Dancing, as we know, plays a special role in Native social life perpetuating their beliefs and ceremonial observances; and is also considered one of their essential health measures. Through dancing and dramatizations splendid noteworthy lessons are preserved.

The Native dramatizations were of particular interest to me. An organized group of Native students at one of the colleges in Sierra Leone realized that their removal entirely from their primitive life and customs also removed them from the influence of their ancient customs and teachings embracing many splendid lessons not found in schools and books. Several outstanding citizens of the Colony were invited to one of their forums for a discussion of the perpetuation of their Native stories and dances through educational resources. I was singularly honored in being one of those invited. Each person was asked to give a written report on this subject. I heartily approved and urged them to encourage their efforts in the preservation of their stories and dances through their educational institutions. I made a comparison of the dramatization of their stories and dances

with our Negro Spirituals which reveal the deep emotions of the religious life of faith, fortitude and hope of our people during their early days in western civilization. The lessons taught through these songs are the basic foundation of whatever success has come to our Racial Group here in America. Today the songs of the primitive days of our Negro Race are accepted with the world's Classics of Folk Songs and are sung by artists of all groups.

During one of my visits in the Bush country a Paramount Chief summoned his dancers for an evening's entertainment for our party. It was held in a large yard inclosure, apparently a special arena for their evening gatherings. The tribesmen were seated on the ground around a dim bonfire which faintly showed the outline of their faces, indeed a weird scene. The gathering was for their daily meeting to review the happenings of the day. It had been revealed that one among them was guilty of a misdemeanor and they knew their gods would be displeased and cause a great calamity to befall them in punishment for the same. Their leader talked with them and most earnestly pleaded for the guilty one to confess, and do penance, lest all should perish. All pleadings and examples of the outcome were in vain as the guilty one would not confess. A Chief Devil, and Big one emphasizing power, was summoned to apprehend the culprit. In came the devil with a most hideous mask covering his whole head, his full grass skirt sweeping the ground with a little swish, swish, which increased in sound as he moved uncannily, in and out, around the group. At the presence of the Devil, the tribesmen in solemnity bowed their heads. The devil apparently had something concealed in his hands which he held over the head of each one as he moved very slowly in and out among them. The tribesmen sang in deep mournful appeasing tones as the devil continued his seemingly unceasing movement near them and finally the unseen magic in the hand of the devil fell on the head of the guilty party who immediately got up and fled. He was pursued and captured. He then confessed and his punishment was mild as it was explained the offense was of a trivial nature.

Late in the afternoon it began to rain and the entertainment was continued indoors. As we entered the building we noted there were no windows and only one door. The large group of tribesmen were around the sides of the room, some seated, others standing and still others sat on an elevated section just above our heads. The music for the dances were from the tom tom and the balanjai. As usual the devil was the chief performer. The closeness of the building, the dreary weather and the dim lantern light coming through the dust rising from the floor together with the mournful monotones of their voices began to make us feel a little uncomfortable, restless and ready to leave. We had learned the Native performers have no time schedule, each continuing his role until he falls exhausted, and knew too we had little chance of leaving until they had finished. However, our guide realizing the endurance of the devil and the plight we were in made necessary arrangements for our departure, expressed our appreciation to the Paramount Chief and lead us out of the building, for which we were very grateful.

Many amusing and unusual happenings occurred during entertainments which were not anticipated nor scheduled on the programs. One of these incidents became quite annoying to the manager. Some mischievous tribesmen standing near the stage, where some dancers were performing most skillfully and the audience was demonstrating admiration with applause, became jealous and began to play a trick on the performers. They worked magic by digging their toes in the sand, and by making signs and sounds, to cause the dancers to lose their balance. The manager quickly ran to these mischief makers, whipped their legs and ran them out. They were determined to upset the act and repeatedly returned to work their spell, but again and again, the manager chased them out.

An act which impressed and amazed me was the Intrepid and Wily Pole Dance. The dancer performed on a pole fully sixty feet high and descended with his head downwards. The high stilt dancers as well as the pole dancers indeed gave intricate performances and won great applause from the audience.

Almost unbelievable to the eyes was the bodily movements of

the ballet-Bundu girl dancers. While performing, on large balls which they kept in motion, their bodies from their head to their feet seemed to be all muscles, bending in such a manner that it seemed as if they had no bones at all. They would turn their heads around so far that it looked as if they were looking straight ahead from their backs.

The Sword Dancers presented many rarieties which were wonderful and thrilling. Some of their demonstrations were much like our Fencing. Among many other specialty dance numbers were the Agitated Hip-Dancer, The African Spring Jack and the Spiral Rope Dancer.

Snake Charmers are among the Native entertainers. They perform many feats with these reptiles. During one of these performances I noticed the charmer rubbed the snake with an ointment from a bottle before swallowing it alive. A box in which he had twelve or more snakes was quite close to where I was sitting, and as he took them out they seemed to be trying to get away from him, so naturally it was quite a relief to me when his act was finished.

Some of the performances I witnessed while in Africa had been given before the King of England during his visit in the Colony. All types of these Native dances and specialty acts are often features of our Circus performances.

UNUSUAL HAPPENINGS

When we think of Africa and other foreign countries, with their different climates, races, animal and vegetable life, there is a feeling of curiosity to see and know, as well as of precaution for safety, more or less of fear. We have often heard it said that "The things we fear will come upon us." We are generally looking for the things we fear most, and sometimes, unfortunately we find them; so it was in my case.

UNWELCOMED HOUSE GUESTS

The mice I saw in Africa were different from any I had ever seen both in their facial features and their mannerisms. One evening I saw two mice on the edge of a cupboard, I stamped my foot and clapped my hands for them to scamper, but to my surprise they did not move. I went nearer and still they did not move and looking close at their faces I observed them to be almost square in form, their eyes and nose were set on their faces like human beings. I went still nearer and as I did, they shook their heads from side to side and blinked their eyes. I was not exactly afraid of the little creatures, but I really wondered what they would do next. Finally they walked away when they realized that I meant for them to go. To make certain I was not mistaken in the appearance of these mice, the next day I asked my Guardian about them. In answer she said, "Our mice are not afraid, they are saucy little creatures, they look you in the eye, shake their heads and even wink at you." She also verified my description of them.

There are spiders of many varieties in all lands. One particular house spider gave me much concern. We met for the first time one night in my compound. Its round body was about one and a half inches in diameter and its many legs were about three inches in length. I called for help but no one heard me, I attempted to battle alone; I pounded him with my shoe heel, but it had no effect on it as its body was tough like a frog, but finally the

spider got away. A few nights later either the same spider or his mate returned to my room, and that time I won the battle. I was afterwards told that I should not have killed the spider as they bring good luck to the home or compound. These house spiders are numerous, and it is necessary to remove their webs from the walls and crevices at least weekly. Failure to do so causes a rapid increase; and these spiders develop from a small ordinary spider to a mammoth size in less than two weeks.

A NARROW ESCAPE

On my first visit to Fourah Bay College, the oldest English school in the Colony of Sierra Leone which is located on a peninsula at the intersection of two rivers, I had a narrow escape from a boa-constrictor. The campus was very attractive with its well kept lawns, walks, and heavily ladden fruit trees on the banks of the rivers. We walked all along the banks never once thinking of snakes in this beautiful place. Everything was new and interesting and after an hour or more we returned to the house where tea was served. We chatted much, I wanted to know everything about Africa and my new friends were eager to hear something about "The States" as they call our United States of America. The evening shadows fall almost suddenly, and directly after sunset it is dark. When we made ready to take leave the sun had set and our hostess, Mrs. K., accompanied us to our auto. Upon seeing something that looked like a fallen tree a few yards from the car in the pathway, she made many remarks about the tree being down, who could have put it there, and the like. She walked on ahead to investigate and when she came near enough she saw the large head of a boa-constrictor snake (this snake has the largest head of any known snake, it can even swallow a man whole). With much composure and poise, she advised us to return to the house, which we did hastily. Some of the brave Yoruba school boys rushed out with their knives and spears, and skillfully hurled their weapons with accurate aim which killed the boa-constrictor. They returned singing their song of the victor in their Yoruba language. They were happy and proud, and we were more than grateful for their

knowledge, skill and bravery and even more thankful for our safety. (Our soldiers today are being skillfully trained in the hurling of their hand grenade to conquer their enemies much the same as the Native Africans hurl their knives and spears).

"BUSH CAT" BY MOONLIGHT

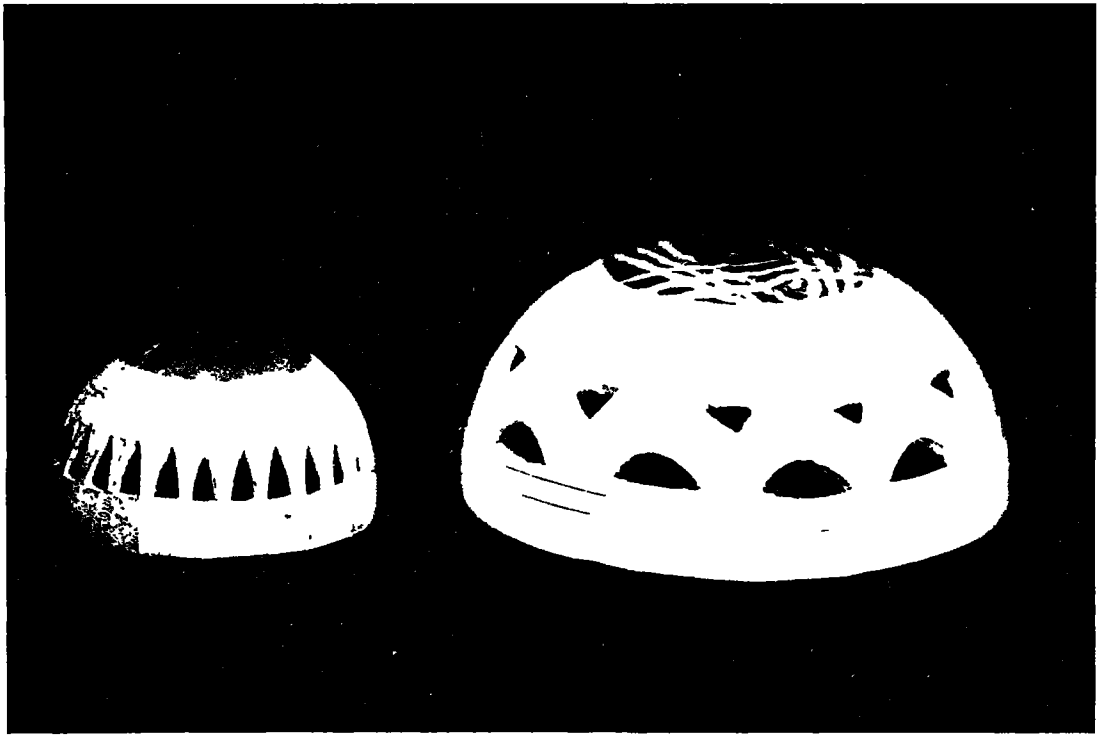
There are many rest homes in the mountain villages, and the natural scenery around about is very beautiful. One moonlight evening in the company of Mr. and Mrs. F., we were returning home from one of the mountain villages and it pleased me very much to know how safe the driveways were. There was one road for ascending and another for descending, not even in sight of each other. As our car slowly descended the mountain we were enjoying the ocean view as well as the scenery on the mountainside when we were surprised by a brilliant set of lights coming toward us. We knew this was against driving regulations and was therefore not a car. Just what could this be we wondered, and what could we do. Mr. F. knew much of the animals of this territory as his work of Inspector of schools carried him on many treks in the Hinterland, and at once realized it was a bush cat, as he called it. He knew too, to halt or to continue might frighten the animal and he would attack us; we continued to descend slowly and cautiously. To our relief the animal scampered away in the woods just as we came near him. We then speeded up and hurried on our way. The next night a leopard was captured by the hunters in that locality and we knew then that our yesternight "Bush Cat" was a real leopard. Mr. F. dealt with the hunters in the mountain sections and had bargained with them for many leopard hides. At the time I left Africa he gave me a full size leopard hide from which I had a handsome hand bag muff made.

THE LEOPARD

The leopard is found in large numbers among the hills and mountains both in the Colony and the Protectorate of Sierra Leone. In the mountain villages around the city of Freetown the leopards come out of their haunts at night during the dry season, in search for food, and cause much terror to the people.

Many times I have heard the wailing cry of the leopards which sounds like that of a baby in distress. Often strangers who come to live in the mountain villages, and who for the first time hear these seemingly human cries, rush out to rescue the distressed, and many times they themselves become the prey of the leopard. The native hunters live at the foot hills in all villages, and at the outcry of the terror of the leopard they are alert and always ready to rush to the scene of action and capture the animal. The hunters capture and secure the leopard alive in a strong box. The next morning the hunter's song is heard in villages and towns in passing through on his way to the Government House. By order of the Governor, the hunter is given a dash (money) for his capture of the animal of terror. Many times I have rushed to my window at the sound of the hunter's song to see an onrushing crowd and the men with the heavy wooden box in which the leopard would be securely fastened. The hunter's song of victory is strong in its rhythm of doleful monotones, like much of their other native music.

The hunter returns to his village with the leopard, it is then killed, the skin cured, and made ready for use. Loin cloths, which are used by the farmer when at work, are made of strips of the leopard hide. The hunter's garb, a sleeveless jacket, which comes to his knees, is also made from the leopard skin.



CALABASH TRAYS
Trays turned downward in order to display artistic hand carvings on sides and bottoms.

LANGUAGE, YORUBA NAMES, AND ENGLISH PATOIS

In the Territory of Sierra Leone there are scores of tribes and each has its own language. There is a similarity in the languages of those who have lived for perhaps centuries in adjoining areas. I was told by one in authority that the Vei Tribe is the only tribe on the West Coast of Africa, known even to the ancients, to have a written language of their own.

African tribal names are quite lengthy and have very significant meanings. The names are given to a child by the parents, relatives and near friends, and each part of the name has its own specific meaning with reference to the relationship and interest of the dona to the child. English Patois has an important role in the Colony of Sierra Leone, as it is the medium of understanding between all those speaking English and those speaking the twenty or more tribal languages.

LANGUAGE

The languages of many tribes have been interpreted and written by Americans and Europeans, thus can be read and spoken through study of them. Every tribe is pleased to have strangers know its language, even if it is limited to greetings, especially when visiting their villages. In Temne villages the greeting was, "Impere"? to which I would reply, "Sehkeh". In Mende villages, their greeting, "Boowah"? and the reply "Beeseh". In each greeting the question was, "How are you?" and reply, "Well I thank you."

The Yoruba Tribe in Sierra Leone, originally from Nigeria, is by no means classed with the primitive groups. The elderly members, whose ancestors received their Christian education under the British beginning in 1787, lost much of their tribal language and many of their customs. I was told that the early Missionaries changed their names because of the difficulty of the pronunciation. To them they were meaningless heathen names, therefore as these early Natives accepted Christianity

they were baptized with English names. The Yorubas in Nigeria were spared this, for living in the homeland of their forefathers, they were able to maintain the glorious heritage of their group, language, and many of their customs and manners. With the coming of the English Missionaries in the early forties of the last century, a study was made of the language of the Yorubas and after much effort, it was written in Roman characters. (This was done by the English Church Mission Society assisted by many Professors from European countries). Thus since 1856 the Yorubas in Nigeria have been taught in their schools in their own written vernacular or language. The English language is also taught. It was very fortunate for me to have had close association with members of this group; it was through some of the Yorubas that my services were accepted and maintained in Sierra Leone.

YORUBA NAMES

Family ties are very strong among the Yorubas in their homeland, as with all African tribes, and it is interesting to note this influence reflected in all they do particularly in the naming of children. It is not out of the ordinary for a child to possess as many as twenty names, each a symbol of his position and responsibility in the family. Generally only six names are used. Yorubas in Sierra Leone who have English names have given their children at least one name in their tribal language.

The naming of a child is of great importance and there is an elaborate ceremony which takes place on the ninth day after birth of a male child, and on the seventh day a female; if twins on the eighth day. The child is brought out of the room the first time for the ceremonial baptism and naming; this event is called "Ko-omo jade" (bringing out of the child). It is also the mother's first day out of her room. Many relatives and friends assemble at the home very early in the morning. As the child and its mother enter the room, a jug full of water is tossed up to the low ceiling. The baby in the arms of an elderly woman, is brought under the spray of water as it falls from the eaves. When the baby cries, the relatives shout for joy. This ceremony

is a form of baptism which their ancestors are supposed to have derived from the East, and is a proof that their ancestors had some knowledge of Christianity.

The names are now given to the child by its parents, grandparents, relatives and near friends. There are three sets of names a child may have. First: The name on account of circumstances under which the child is born. For example when twins are born, which to the Yorubas is most important, as they consider them endowed with unusual human powers, their names are Taiwo and Kehinde. "Taiwo" meaning, according to their legend, "The first born, comes to see what the world is like; when he cries, the second knows the world is all right, so then he comes." "Kehinde" means the last to come. Kehinde is the one of greater wisdom and power to whom Taiwo is always submissive; as it was with Esau and Jacob. All names connected with circumstances of birth are given regardless of sex, and are first names. "Idowu" the name of the child born after the twins. "Abiona", the name meaning, the child born when the mother is on a journey or away from home. "Abiodun" the name of the child born at the new year or any annual feast. "Omope" signifies the child was born later than the normal period of gestation. These and many others are considered the names the child brought from heaven.

Second name or names: These are based on circumstances connected with the child with reference directly to the family's financial status at the time of the birth. "Chiakazia", prosperity has again returned to our home. The above name is that of a friend who related the circumstances of his home at the time of his birth, that gave him this name. For many months before his birth, his parents suffered from the lack of many bare necessities, on account of an unjust ruler by whom the people were solely oppressed; with the passing of this ruler and the coming of a just ruler, at the time of his birth. At the time of naming or the "Ko-omo jade" many names were suggested, but the grandmother stepped forward and said, "Our baby's name shall be 'Chiakazia', for truly joy and prosperity has returned to

our house, and also to our country." "Ayotunde", joy had returned to our home. The baby before this one died.

The name of one of my Yoruba friends, a Native of Nigeria consisted of the usual twenty names, however only seven of them were used. Her name is, "Olusola Adekunbi Omolara Fayisara Boibaku-Morommoro Abeke Akinyemi.—Adewusi. The last one is her recent married title. Each separate name has its own significance. "Olusola"—"God has honored me with this child", name given by the mother. "Adekunbi"—"Another crown has joined the family", name given by father. "Ololara"—"All in all as a daughter and as many relatives." "Fayisara"—"Take this as your relative." "Boibaku-Morommoro"—"If this child does not die I will have someone with me", name given by grandfather. "Abeke"—"You have to beg her before you pet her", pet name. "Akinyemi"—"Bravery suits us". Family's traditional or surname. "Adewusi"—"My coming causes an increase."

The name of another friend is, "Oloruntomi Ayodele Folamobi Abeyebi Asaka Agbebi". The meaning of each part of her name is somewhat different, although there is a similarity pertaining to the logical order, and meaning of names. "Oloruntomi" —"God Sufficient". "Ayodele"—Joy comes to the house". "Folamobi"—"Honored by this child". "Adeyebi"—"Crown suits this house". "Asaka"—"One to be petted". "Agebebi"—"We do not leave our land any more". Family's traditional name. Meaning explained. After many tribal wars, the great grandfather of this child made a vow that he would never leave his land again. Today his descendants own large areas of their territory in Nigeria.

The question is often asked, "What is in a name?" One Yoruba writer said, "Nothing sticks so fast as a name, and nothing more difficult to eradicate". To the Africans of the Yoruba Tribe, his name expresses his faith, his hope, his fortitude, his joy and his love.

ENGLISH PATOIS

With the score or more of different tribes in the Territory of Sierra Leone, each having his own language; one at once wonders

by what means there is of an understanding between the tribes and foreigners who are in all sections of the Territory. Patois, an incorrect English mixed with their own tribal language is the medium of understanding. The men and boys of all tribes speak this, as well as all local English speaking groups. The tribal women know little of this medium, for they have slight contact with those outside of their homes and tribes. The men and boys are the domestics employed as cooks, house-boys, laundry-men and messengers.

It was more difficult for those speaking patois to understand me than it was for me to understand them, for I could not properly turn my English around. Sorie, a new house boy came to our compound and made much complaint about my talking. When I spoke to him of anything he replied, "I nar yearie you". I asked him if he were deaf, yet he continued to repeat, "I nar yearie you", and then ran and called his big brother (tribal) to come, "Woman nar talkie, you talkie for woman". Another occasion Sorie was filling a pitcher with water at a spicket, when near filled I said, "That is a plenty, stop". He continued to let the water run and overflow the pitcher, he looked at me much agitated as I repeated the order in many ways, finally I recalled that the word needed, was "Finish". Then he immediately turned off the water, by which time the floor was well covered with water. Finish is the only word to express finality. At all shops when the article called for is not in stock, the clerk replies, "It is finished". In correcting a child, when you wish him to stop, say "One time, finish", meaning, I tell you once only, to stop. Immediate obedience is the response.

One evening when I was returning home, amidst a throng in a narrow crooked street, I heard the heavy muffled singing tones of a tribesman, we were meeting from opposite directions. As he drew nearer I saw a huge basket on his head filled almost to overflowing, and his body rhythmically swayed from side to side under the heavy load. Talking to himself out loud in half singing tones, he repeated, "Me pickens' hearts go glad O', when Dad comes home to-night". It was a festival season and this father was taking gifts and goodies (sweets) home. Anticipa-

tion of the joy of his children upon his arrival prompted this outburst of song.

Many noteworthy lessons of wisdom and council have been handed down through fireside training. Among some of their wise sayings we find such as these,—"Leh yar mot nar waka pass yar foot." The interpretation, "Let your mouth not walk past your feet". These are words of chastisement of the elders to youths heard gossiping. "Me picken put yar yieye dong, make you see yar nose". My child put your eyes down make you see your nose. Meaning, "study yourself and mend your ways." "Nar rain make sheep and goat meet one place". Meaning, "In time of famine or adversity, the rich and the poor have the same fare." "Cow wey nar got tail, God can brushum fly". When all visible aid fails, look to God for help.

CHRISTIAN AND INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN THE PROTECTORATE

For more than one hundred years both American and European Church Mission Societies have provided Christian Education in the Colony of Sierra Leone as well as in many other sections of Africa. In more recent years the Native Tribal groups in the Protectorate have come under the influence of Christian Missions. It was during my visit in this section as guest of one of the American Missions, the Moyamba Girl's School, I learned much of the educational program for the Native Girls of the Protectorate. I was told that this school is the most outstanding of the Territory in respect to its facilities and also to the well rounded educational training it offered.

The courses in Christian education, Academic and Home Economics, with some practice work in Home Nursing and Community work in their nearby villages, reasonably prepares the girls for useful services in their home communities. Many other Church Missions have schools in the Protectorate for both girls and boys.

It was Commencement Week during my visit and there was much of interest and inspiration to one who for the first time was observing foreign mission training. However an incident arose that gave grave concern to all present. One of the girls in the graduation class, who was to return to her home village, wept bitterly for a week. The reason for tears she revealed lay in the fact that her family were Pagans. She feared that alone, she would be unable to lead them to accept Christianity, and had even feared that she would succumb in time under the strain of her family traditional worship. The Mission gave her full assurance of their support, also, the option to return and teach at the Mission until stronger support could be sent out.

There were in the same class daughters of Chiefs of distinction, and like their fathers' easily recognized at sight, in physique, head and shoulders above others and a marked uprightness in posture. These girls would naturally go forth with a greater

sense of security knowing they would receive support in their own territory, as well as cooperation from their tribesmen. They would, most probably, never be confronted with unfavorable conditions as would their less fortunate classmates.

Through Christian Education the Native women of Africa are being liberated from their former status of inferiority in the home, gradually to that of companionship and truly leadership in their communities.

It is a most regretable fact that the lack of funds prohibit the enlargement and extension of such splendid mission institutions. The school housed approximately three hundred girls in its dormitory, which was crowded to capacity. I was told that each year the number seeking admittance to this school, is far more than the school can accommodate. Situations like these are appalling, and is a challenge for immediate action if possible. What can I do to help, is the problem that faces all concerned.

In the City of Freetown, in Sierra Leone, there are more than forty churches of Christian Faith, a few with a membership of over a thousand, and generally with a full Church attendance. In many of these churches, preaching services were conducted regularly each Sunday for the non-Christian Primitive Native groups of all tribes, with interpreters. These services were opened for all who wished to attend. As for the children of these groups there were no religious services. So striking was this situation that a deep feeling of responsibility gripped me, I longed to help, but what could I do? On a visit to an American Mission Headquarters, there was a discussion on the situation. Miss F., one of the Mission workers, who had spent many years in the Protectorate, had recently returned from her furlough at home and was stationed at headquarters in the Colony. Miss F. had for some time been deeply concerned about this situation, and had made successful contacts in securing a building, simple equipment of little stools, boxes for supplies, and a blackboard for her new Mission Sunday School. When she learned of my interest, she heartily welcomed my services. Sunday School literature was the great need and I felt that I could help in securing this, so I wrote home to my Pastor, the late Rev. Joseph

D. Taylor, of Chestnut Street Presbyterian Church, and asked his assistance in securing literature for the Mission Sunday School. He was deeply interested and eager to help. Through his contact with our Church Board of Christian Education, large quantities of literature were sent out. Incidentally I received the first supply on my birthday, October 24th, and I venture to say that I never enjoyed a happier birthday, by receiving a gift through which to give the light of the Gospel to little children, who for the first time would have an opportunity to attend Sunday School. The children were of the Temne Tribe, the 'teen aged groups spoke patois mixed with their tribal language, and smaller ones spoke their mother tongue only. There were two young Temne women from the American Mission School, who assisted in the work, and through whom the ties between the Sunday School and the homes were strengthened. There were also classes organized for religious instruction for the parents, which were held mid week in the evenings.

From my class of little boys I learned much of their deeper emotions and reactions to the teachings of right and wrong. Often they were eager to retell the lesson story to the class, in their patois, much of which I could not interpret in words, but from their facial expressions and hand gestures I knew that they had grasped the lesson taught. The lesson leaflets with brightly colored pictures illustrating the lesson story made it very much easier for the pupils to understand instructions. One morning a Headman came to the Sunday School and on entering he said, "I have just come in to see what you are teaching our children." He was of the Mohamedan Faith. He looked at the attractive Sunday School leaflet, read the lesson story and being satisfied with what he read, he remarked, "I have no objections to such teachings, they are good for our children." Later on, in further conversation about his religious beliefs he said, "My belief was taught to me at my mother's knee, if I thought I were wrong in the manner I serve God, I would change today."

Singing played a large part in the Sunday School and we had the Gospel and other songs in Temne and English languages, the children were taught to sing in both languages. When they sang

in English, their little voices were very weak, as there was difficulty in pronouncing the words, but when reversed in their language, they sang with much zest, and their little faces beamed with happiness.

When other Christian workers learned of this mission, and of the useful literature, they made a request for like supplies. There were six Sunday Schools organized, three of these were for primitive Native groups, non Christians; others for mixed groups, Christians and pagans. Teachers from other organized Christian Sunday Schools were also given literature. One of the Ministers of Church Mission of England who conducted services at the Government Hospitals every Sunday, also requested literature. He said the attractive pictures helped to make his talks more easily understood. A group of students at the Boys' Grammar School organized Sunday School classes, to start their work, each student brought his Native house boy, and in turn they brought others. From my last report of the boys' classes they were continuing with interest.

When Miss F. was transferred to the Girls' School in the Protectorate she took literature and other supplies to organize Sunday Schools in districts there. The two young Temne women in Freetown expressed a desire to continue the work started in the Temne section. Incidentally the name of the street in which this Sunday School was located was "Christian Street", its original name. As has been said, "Nothing sticks so fast as a name, and nothing more difficult to eradicate", we earnestly hoped that its name gave added meaning and power to the Sunday School effort that originated in its vicinity.

Yearly during my stay in the Colony of Sierra Leone I attended the annual conferences of this American Church Mission Society. At the conferences I met fifty or more of their Native Ministers and teachers who were graduates of their missions in the Protectorate and Colony, and some of them had recently returned from the United States where they had pursued their educational training at Columbia University in New York City, their Church Mission College in Ohio, and others who had attended Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes of Virginia and Alabama respectively.

Under the leadership of these well prepared Native leaders thousands of their tribesmen are being trained in Academic, Scientific, Industrial and Christian Education in their own language. The English language is taught in all Mission schools.

In 1906 the "Bo" School was established by the British Government, for the Sons of Chiefs, in the remote hinterlands of the Protectorate. The training offered has prepared their students for the British Government Civil Service Examination, and many of these sons of Chiefs are holding positions in the Political, Land Forest, Public Works and Medical Departments in the Protectorate. Those who return are sharing in the Administration of their Chiefdoms, over which they may some day rule.

Africa's useful raw materials are unlimited in their many varieties and quantities, and her greatest need is Industrialization; for this the Native, American trained, African leaders are looking to their Afro-American brothers to extend to them a helping hand. One of these leaders said to me, "Miss H., Afro-Americans who are fortunate in having splendid all round educational training should come in large groups to your African Brothers with your modern labor saving devices and our abundant raw materials, demonstrate to us in a Big Way your scientific industrial training and help to make Africa a better land in which to live."

Truly when such prosperity comes to Africa, Christian Missions will be self supporting, the living standard will be raised; and Social Welfare will extend beyond casts and tribes.

Many of Africa's Sons are today with other Nations on the battle fronts in the world's great fight for Democracy, the Four Freedoms declared the Rights of all Peoples.

May the Native Africans hold fast to their glorious heritage of

Their Racial and Family Unity
The Preservation of their Creative Ability
Their Unwavering Faith, now and forever,
in the True God.

Nothing less than these qualities can make of any people a Strong, Successful and Enduring Nation.

THE END.